

MAY 30, 1942 10¢

★
Liberty

Two Great Liberty Exclusives—
"COMMANDOS" FOR AMERICA
MACARTHUR—HERO and HUSBAND



PITYROSPORUM OVALE, the strange "Bottle Bacillus" regarded by many authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

ITCHY SCALP?



UGLY SCALES?



TELL-TALE FLAKES?



It may be Infectious Dandruff!

START TODAY WITH THE TESTED LISTERINE TREATMENT THAT HAS HELPED SO MANY

TELL-TALE flakes, itching scalp and inflammation—these "ugly customers" may be a warning that you have the infectious type of dandruff, the type in which germs are active on your scalp!

They may be a danger signal that millions of germs are at work on your scalp . . . including *Pityrosporum ovale*, the strange "bottle bacillus" recognized by many foremost authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Don't delay. Every day you wait, your condition may get worse, and before long you may have a stubborn infection.

*Use Medical Treatment**

Your common sense tells you that for a case of infection, in which germs are active, it's wise to use an antiseptic which quickly attacks large numbers of germs. So, for infectious dandruff, use Listerine

Antiseptic and massage.

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of *Pityrosporum ovale* and other germs associated with infectious dandruff.

Those ugly, embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear. Itching and inflammation are relieved. Your scalp feels fresher, healthier, your hair looks cleaner.

76% Improved in Clinical Tests

And here's impressive scientific evidence of Listerine's effectiveness in combating dandruff symptoms: Under the exacting, severe conditions of a series of clinical tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms, within a month.

In addition to that, countless men and women all over America report joyously

that this grand, simple treatment has brought them welcome relief from dandruff's distressing symptoms.

Start tonight with the easy, delightful home treatment—Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It has helped *so many* others, it may help *you*. Buy the large, economy-size bottle today and save money.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

***THE TREATMENT**

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

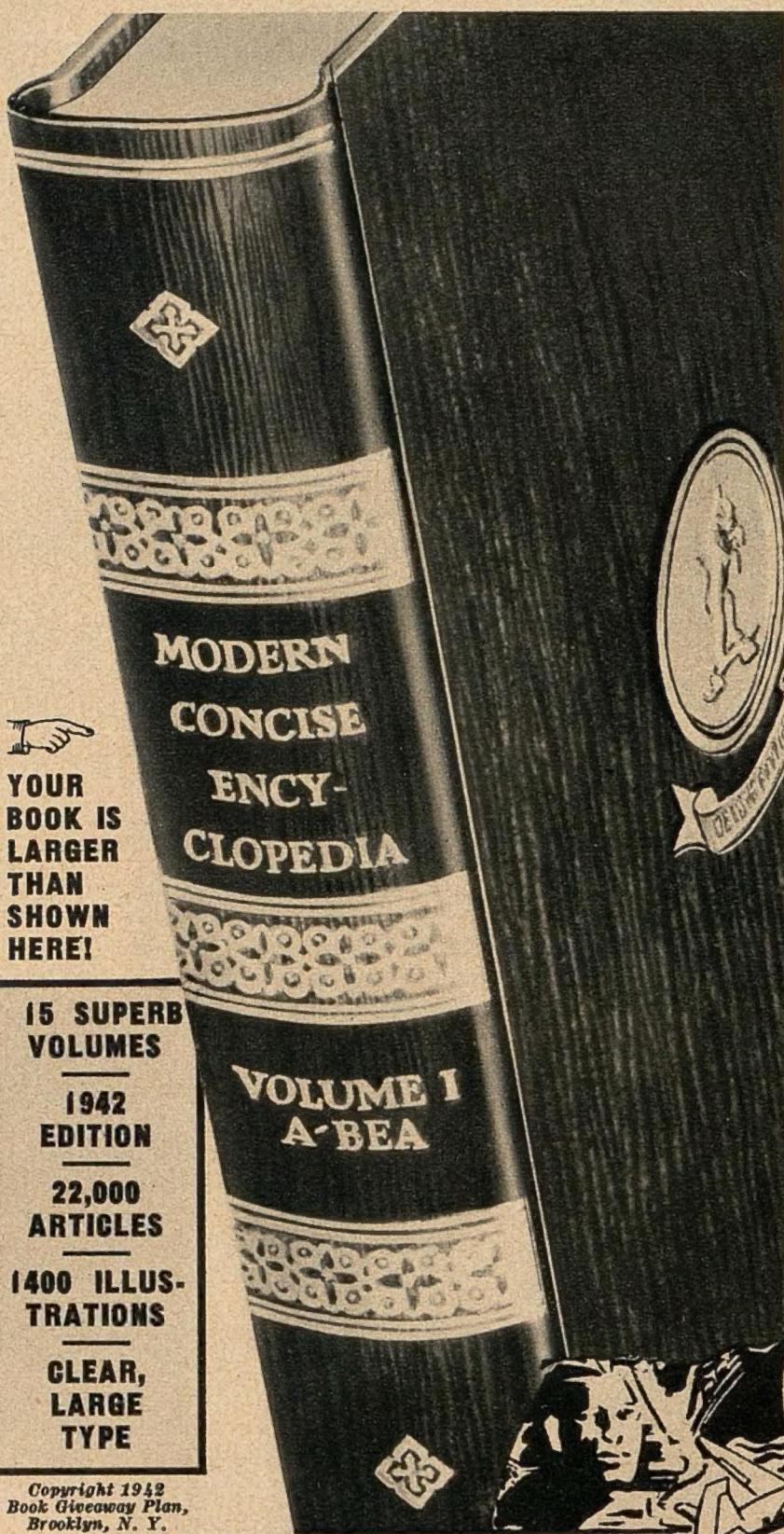
WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a gargle.

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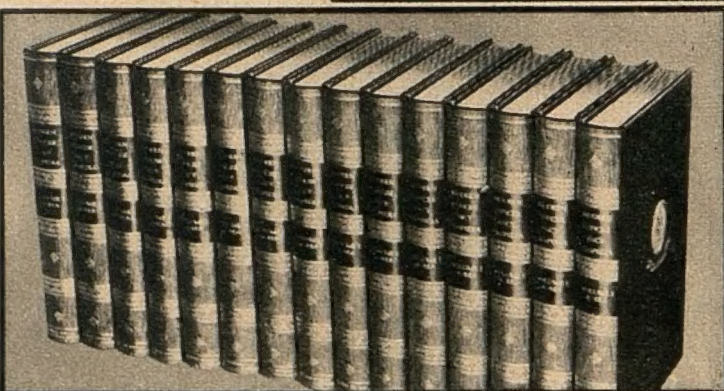
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Vox Pop

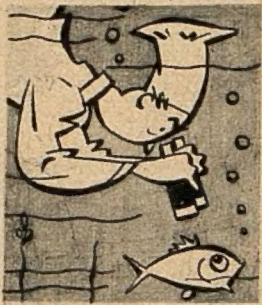


"Voice of the People"

IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN BELIEVE THESE DAYS?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Princess Alexandra Kropotkin in a recent *To the Ladies* (March 21 *Liberty*) told a little story about the shad fish which had been related to her by a purveyor of sea foods. It was stated in the article that the shad could not distinguish male from female amongst themselves and that during mating season the mackerel acted as matchmakers.

During the past forty years the Atlantic Coast shad fishery has declined more than 80 per cent, from a peak production of some 48,000,000 pounds in 1896 to a catch of 9,648,000 pounds in 1937. Either the fishermen are too efficient or the shad are losing their faith in the mackerel.



Out here on the Pacific Coast, where the shad were introduced in 1877, they have multiplied considerably and are now found 3,000 miles along the coast line. Six years after the original plant was made, approximately one million shad were taken by commercial fishermen for the local markets. Pacific Coast mackerel are really Dan Cupids of the first water, or at least it looks that way.

However, the following is from a letter just received from Edward W. Bailey, Acting Chief, Division of Fishery Biology, Fish and Wild Life Service, U. S. Department of the Interior: "Inasmuch as the shad spawns in fresh water and mackerel never leave salt water, there obviously is no foundation for the story that mackerel are 'matchmakers' for the shad." The Princess had better tell that fish expert to go jump in the lake and take another look.—G. W. Philpott (*Rod Hunter*) Sports Department, the *Call Bulletin*.

THE FIRST RETURNS SEEM TO BE IN MR. WILLIAMS' FAVOR

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—I read with great interest Bill Cunningham's interview with Ted Williams, "I'm No Slacker" (April 25 *Liberty*), and am more than fully convinced that we should not pass judgment on Ted's reclassification in the draft when our own government, in whom we must confide now that we are at war, handed down the decision after his case was carefully reviewed.

Why should any baseball fan who professes true Americanism venture to boo this great ballplayer?—Jules J. Bues.

PROVIDENCE, KY.—Count on *Liberty* to nab a guy like Bill Cunningham. When I read his Profession of Faith (March 28) I felt like writing, but when I read "I'm No Slacker" I had to give him a pat on the back.—Darrell Hancock.

P.S.—Bravo for Ted Williams, too.

WILLAMINA, ORE.—Ted Williams should be commended for his high ideals and cheered each time he comes to the plate this year.—Bruce H. Brown.

A LADY SPEAKS HER MIND ON A MATTER OF SOME IMPORTANCE

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I am as happy and as proud as can be.

Because Uncle Sam fights to keep kids like me free! —Justeen Widoff.

As Ethel Barrymore used to say, that's all there is, there isn't any more. Justeen just wrote it on the back of her picture.—Vox Pop Editor.



WHAT TO CALL THIS WAR?

BILLINGS, MONT.—Why not call this extensive mess the Liberty War? Or what's wrong with Anti-Hitler War?—V. Morleigh Fox.

HARTFORD, CONN.—What's the matter with the Freedom War?—Gudrun Moe.

BUCK PASSERS TAKE WARNING

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—None but actual enemy agents will want to serve as carriers of Axis tales after reading *Liberty's* editorial Let's Stop Passing the Buck (April 18 issue). Buck passers who like to blame our allies for the same shortcomings we have had are beginning to exhaust the patience of most citizens, who are anxious to get down to the serious business of working, fighting, and winning this war.—Don Shelley.



WAR BIRDS FLY FAR BUT THEY AREN'T FORGOTTEN

BELLFLOWER, CALIF.—A friend has just called my attention to the article in April 25 *Liberty* concerning my husband, "Socko" Reagan, whom you call "the man who invented dive bombing." Needless to say, Peggy, our fifteen-year-old daughter, and I were thrilled and pleased that some one should have remembered him and his contributions to aviation after all these years.

I should like to thank the author, Lieutenant Collings (he was a lieutenant when we all lived in Quantico in the old Potomac Inn, but probably he is at least a major by now) for the honor he has shown Socko in giving him the credit for this feat. I should be glad to have you forward him this letter if you can reach him.—Nellie Cox Reagan (Mrs. Elmo Reagan).

Liberty regrets that it cannot forward Mrs. Reagan's letter. The article to which she refers was Kenneth Brown Collings' last manuscript. Shortly after he wrote it he sailed away as a war pilot and was lost at sea. The *Just Between Ourselves* page in April 25 *Liberty* notes that before he went he told a friend: "If I don't come back I'll look for Reagan over there and ask St. Peter if he'll let us dive-bomb hell."—Vox Pop Editor.

ME

Mike Anders... that's me.

Married. You bet... four kids.

Age... forty-three. And a first class mechanic... airplane assembly.

And tired out. AND how!... after another overtime shift on the "line." But still thinking.

* * *

Thinking about how to do more work. This country's been good to me. I can't let this country down.

* * *

Today the big boss said we men could produce more work if we relaxed properly when we went home. He said that's been proved by people who study those things.

* * *

So... tonight I relax. I'm going to forget all about the plant and the machines. But I'm going to take it easy, too.

I'm going to sit on the porch and watch the kids play ball. I'm going to have a glass of nice, cool beer. Will that taste good! And it sort of eases the strain, too. Beer always helps me relax.

* * *

Later, after supper, I'll get together with a couple of friends. For a quiet, sensible evening.

Lots of good talk... and maybe another glass of good beer or ale. We'll take it easy. And then I go to bed and get some sleep.

* * *

Tomorrow I'll show them how to do some *real* work... for Uncle Sam.



By providing wholesome relaxation in these days of stress and strain, Beer contributes to national morale. To protect beer, the beverage of moderation, the brewing industry is providing active industry cooperation in the maintenance of wholesome conditions wherever beer is sold. An interesting, free booklet tells about this important "Clean-Up or Close-Up Program."

Write: Brewing Industry Foundation, Dept. C16, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.



THIS WEEK

May 30, 1942

AMERICA FIGHTS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

While They Still Can Hear!
Editorial

"Commandos" for America
Bill Cunningham

This Man's War
Old Sarge

PEOPLE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Quisling: The Man Behind the Hated Name
Charles Robbins

MacArthur—Hero and Husband
Annalee Whitmore Jacoby

Hollywood Miracle Man—Part I
Frederick Van Ryn

FUN ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

How to Be a Fireman in 30 Easy Lessons
Jerome M. Dreifuss

Army Boys Play "The Women"

PUBLIC OPINION ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Vox Pop

STORIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Follow Your Heart
Paul Ernst

Channel Port—Part II
Leonard Lee

Pink Dawn—Liberty's Short Short
Guy Fowler

Well in Hand
Edwin Rutt

The Most Important Thing
Anne Homer Warner

MOVIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Pictures You Ought to See
Howard Barnes

FEMININITY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To the Ladies

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

MISCELLANY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Liberty's Book Tip
Donald Gordon

Twenty Questions

Crosswords

Just Between Ourselves
The Editors

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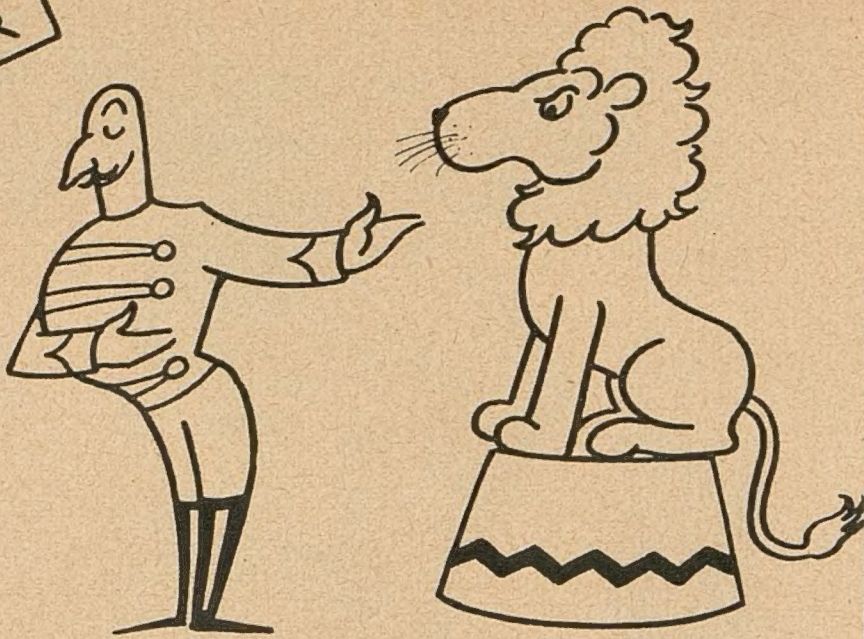
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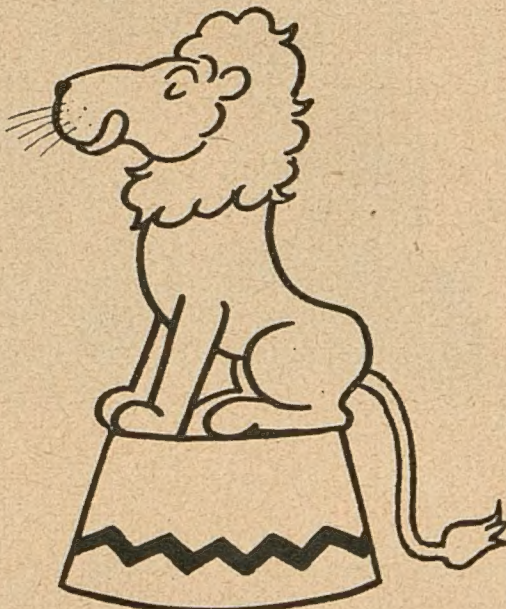
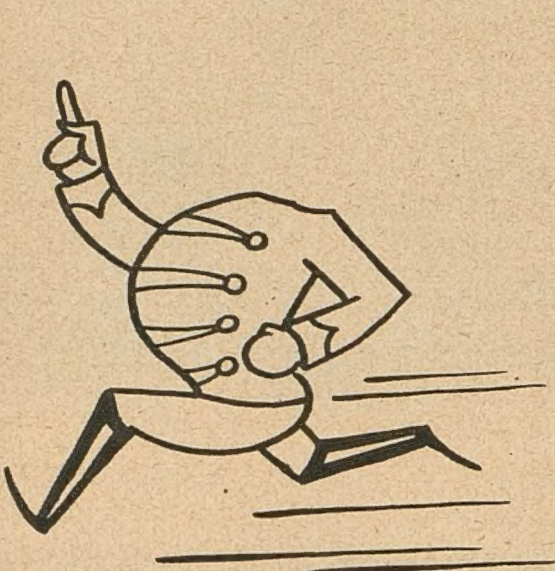
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LIBERTY

GUSTAV
THE LION
TAMER



PEPSI-COLA



O. SOGLOW

NEXT WEEK

June 6, 1942

ADVENTURE IN THE NORTH!

American men and a lovely girl in the Canadian wilds—far from the war, they thought. Then, swooping planes and sudden death and gathering mystery. A



strange, exciting story of 1942 and a hidden menace to the United States begins in Liberty next week. JAMES SAXON CHILDERS, author of many distinguished novels, calls it his best thriller. It's an up-to-the-minute tale of things that *might* happen—a warning and a stirring adventure in reading. Look for Enemy Outpost.

WHEN THE REPULSE WENT DOWN

CECIL BROWN, Columbia Broadcasting System foreign correspondent, was on it. It was touch and go with death as he swam in oil-covered waters. How he was rescued, how he saw brave men die make the most vivid story yet told of the British battle cruiser's fate. We are proud to present it. Nothing even faintly like it has been written.

TOUGHEST GUY IN WASHINGTON

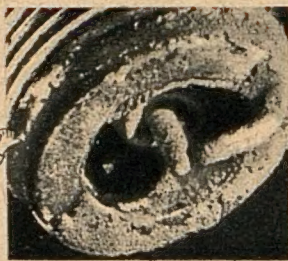
these days could be none other, of course, than Price Administrator Leon Henderson. He has opened his heart to Liberty's



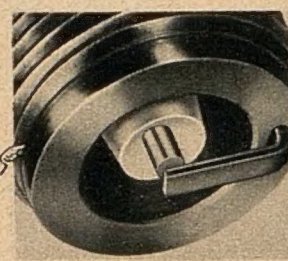
WALTER KARIG—told him some things that haven't been in the papers about his colossal job and what we in America are actually facing.

ALSO NEXT WEEK—A moving and significant Memorial Day feature: the first really intimate interview with Mrs. Colin Kelly . . . For contrast, a jocund piece by comedian BOB HOPE . . . The rest of FREDERICK VAN RYN's captivating close-up of Cecil De Mille . . . Some extra-good short fiction . . . Pictures, departments, fun.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



*"Dirty old plugs
Corroded and worn
Make your car act
Weak and forlorn
They waste its gas
and steal its oil—
They're highway
robbers
New plugs will foil."*



*"Clean shiny plugs
With electrodes bright
Make any engine
Run just right,
They pay their way
By saving gas
What about your plugs,
—think they'll pass?"*



*More Vital-
More Dependable
than ever!*



Big tanks, little tanks, half-tracks, and jeeps—these are the sinews of war. Thousands of the engines in these and all kinds and sizes of trucks, cars and motorcycles in mechanized warfare are equipped with depend-

able Champion Spark Plugs for that vital spark that makes them alive. They depend on Champions for that same championship performance that has made them the preferred spark plugs of the motoring public.



A Champion sign denotes dependable service—a place where you can have your spark plugs tested and cleaned and, if need be, new Champions installed. Wartime economy dictates periodic checking of spark plugs—replacement of old, worn-out, wasteful spark plugs.

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

*The law
sez only
6 to 1...*

*Search that
man! He's got
"33 to 1"*

33? !!!
GOSH ALL HEMLOCK,
HOW'D YOU DO IT?
ER— I MEAN THAT'S
BAD, YOUNG FELLER.

WELL, WARDEN, HE
WANTED THE PRIZE
CATCH OF THE SEASON—
AND HE GOT IT!

AS GAME
WARDEN HERE,
IT'S MY BOUNDEN
DUTY TO TAKE
YOU IN, YOUNG
MAN!

YOU'RE THE ONE
WHO'S "TAKEN IN,"
WARDEN. HE MEANT
THESE 33 FINE
BREWS, BLENDED INTO
ONE GREAT BEER!

RIGHT—
BLENDING'S
WHAT GIVES IT
THAT SWELL
FLAVOR...
TRY IT!

FLAVOR! EXTRA-
DELICIOUS FLAVOR... BECAUSE
PABST BLUE RIBBON,
LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES,
REACHES PERFECTION
THROUGH BLENDING. IT'S
SPECIALLY BLENDED
"33 to 1!"



WELL, SNAP MY GAITERS!
WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU HAD A
STRING OF **PABST BLUE RIBBON!**
THIS IS MIGHTY GOOD!

NO "LIMIT" ON
ENJOYMENT WHEN BEER
IS BLENDED "33 to 1,"
EH, WARDEN?

YOU'RE ALWAYS in luck with "33 to 1".
Expert blending gives it a flavor that can't
be copied... a mellow, sparkling goodness
all its own. That's why it's America's lead-
ing beer at outings as well as in the home.
Enjoy it today—in regular or club size
bottles, and on draft at better places.

Pabst
**Blue
Ribbon**

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Pabst Brewing
Company,
Milwaukee

33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer





Liberty

MAY 30, 1942

WHILE THEY STILL CAN HEAR!

ALL over the United States, in great cities and in little hamlets, men are thronging to the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps. They come from farm and factory, plow and workbench, mine and quarry. From exclusive clubs and from crowded slums. The great bulk of them are entering through the medium of the Selective Service Law, not because they would not volunteer, but because that is the most simple and orderly way of handling their increasing numbers.

If you've talked with these men, you know that every one is more than willing to serve, grimly resolute to do his best for a program which is the only practical means of restoring peace and security.

They are doing their job. Are we doing ours in regard to them? What is their last memory of the towns and cities they leave behind them? Do they go as heroes, or do they slink off as if they were on their way to the poorhouse? Can they turn single-mindedly to the huge task ahead, or are they harassed to distraction by inability to provide financially for obligations that they can neither meet nor ignore?

For instance, Chicago thought it was a patriotic city, doing more than was asked in every respect. But down a crowded sidewalk in Chicago, one afternoon last month, moved a rather dispirited procession of men, two by two, ambling along behind a bored guide. No one made way for them or marked their passing.

"Good heaven!" exclaimed a spectator suddenly. "Hasn't any one a spark of enthusiasm? That isn't an afternoon stroll, or a jury out for an airing! These are our soldiers. This is their last look at their home city, their last glimpse of these familiar streets for months, perhaps years, perhaps forever. What a memory to leave with 'em!"

When the "I will" spirit of the motto of Chicago once gets going, things happen. The next week came Army Day, and the Selective Service men for that day—more than 400 strong—were given a farewell with all the trimmings. The streets were cleared of traffic, they took the middle of the road behind the magnificent band of the Board of Trade Post of the American Legion, while wives and mothers clapped or cried,

and a major general just returned from the Philippines stood at salute. Before their train pulled out, Governor Green of Illinois and Mayor Kelly of Chicago came to tell them that their country understood and appreciated what they were doing.

All over the nation citizens are beginning to awaken to the realization that emotion means something in war. They are beginning to realize what the uniform means, and what its wearers have done, are doing, and must do.

The citizens who must stay at home are also doing something besides cheering. By order of President Roosevelt, a new organization has been set up for the prevention of financial distress—the Army Emergency Relief Fund. The Red Cross has contributed to get it started, the soldiers themselves will help it along, and its use will be in the hands of the army itself.

The basic need for the AERF is that in modern war our troops may at any time have to be moved considerable distances, and, since the movement of troops often must be secret, there is no way of appealing to any nonmilitary source for funds to enable individuals to help their families through such an unexpected emergency. The Army Emergency Relief will not in any way take the place of the Red Cross, with which it works in complete harmony; it will merely do things the Red Cross could not do. If a sergeant with a wife and babies is given confidential orders for Hawaii, he cannot leave them unprotected, or draw his army pay six months in advance, or run around telling his story and asking for relief. The AERF will have access to the same confidential orders, will call the sum a loan or a gift, as judgment dictates, and write a check at once. That is as it should be.

All of us know these men are fighting for us, for our liberties and theirs. Are we going to cheer and clap them on their way—with our voices and our wallets—or stand like dull clods and watch them go? This is the time, when they are going to camp, starting on the unknown. Of course, we could wait and have a little private cheer for them on some later date, at our own convenience. That might satisfy us.

But they would not hear it!

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR IN CHIEF • SHEPPARD BUTLER, EDITOR • ALFRED C. STRASSER, ART EDITOR

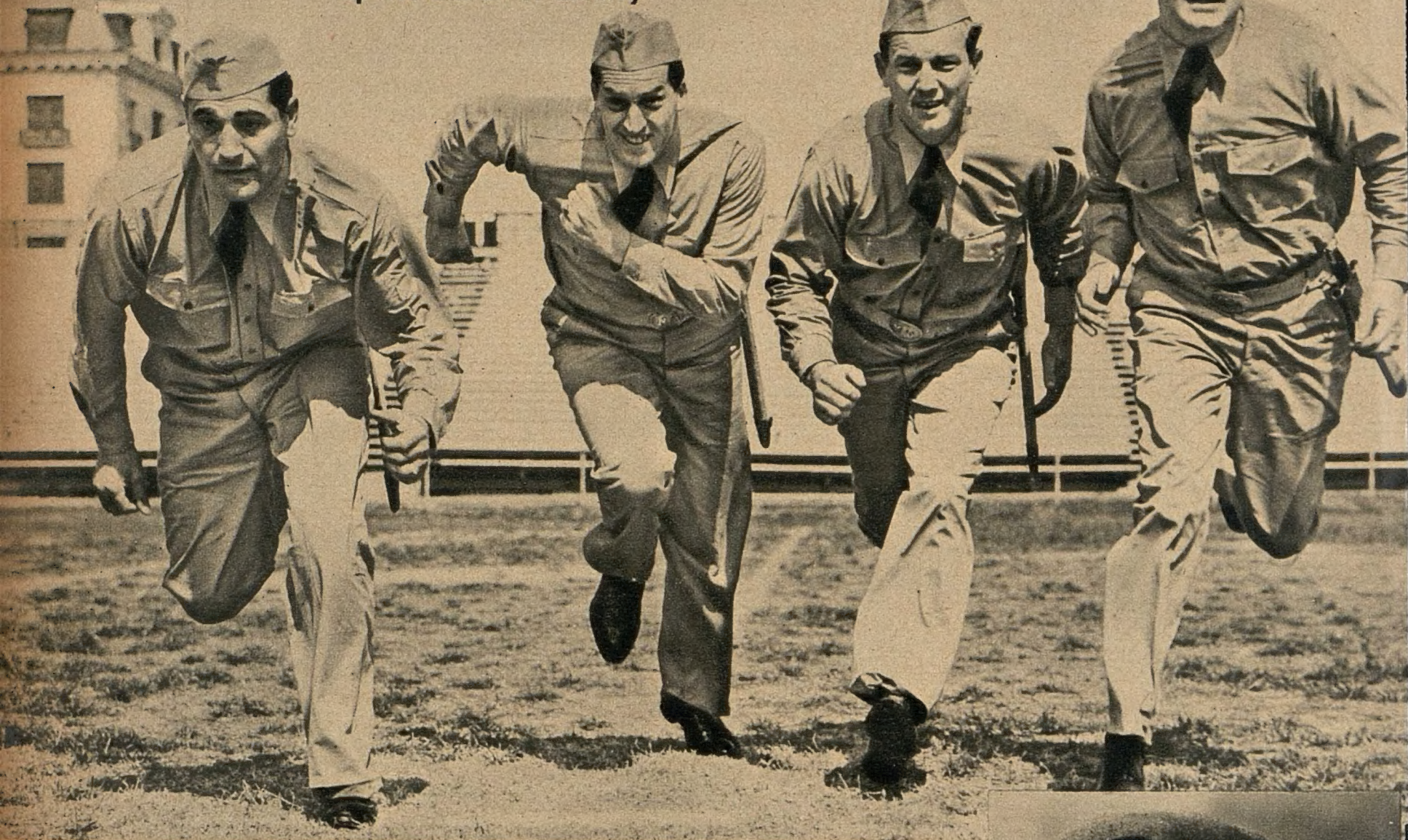
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"COMMANDOS" FOR AMERICA

BY BILL CUNNINGHAM

Sports Editor of Liberty



Football stars—Falaschi, Santa Clara; Lanman, Northwestern; McNeish, Southern California; Walker, San Diego State—limber up as they begin the "indoctrination" course at Annapolis.

How the nation's athletes teamed up to case-harden 30,000 fighting flyers a year for Uncle Sam's navy

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE greatest sports story in the history of civilization is rapidly taking form at four widely separated college addresses in this awakened and war-conscious nation of ours.

It's as new as tomorrow, as old as the ages, so simple it can be told in the words of any sports column, and yet so vast in conception, operation, and significance that a sports writer, privileged to glimpse the whole of its picture, finds himself choked with something like religious awe. Especially is this true of a sports historian who knows the college athlete, who's never sneered at that phrase "building character," and to whom the term "All-America" has always meant something more than a framed certificate, a tin watch, and a free trip to Hollywood.

For this is sport, especially college sport—intercollegiate sports leaders, teachers, coaches, directors, and com-

petitors leaving their fields and games and thrills and spectacles to marshal the full power of nation-wide athletics under one set of colors: Red, White, and Blue.

Specifically, it's a new program for the training of United States naval aviators. The navy schedule calls for 30,000 of those new flyers a year. They will be fighting flyers, most of them—aerial duelists and dive bombers. This is an aerial war. It will be won in the air. Its far reaches make it a master responsibility of the navy. Owing to a recent change in service requirements, this will be a division of high-school graduates as well as of college men.

The new thing about this program is a pre-flight physically toughening process that will put these men in the air the hardest, toughest, most resourceful, most physically fit, and, if possible, the most daring and courageous aerial warriors who've ever skied or dived a plane into a fight. Before they ever even see a flight trainer, they will be put through the stiffest physical regimen of any group of fighters in any sort of uniform. And that means any.

They'll hike forty miles a day. They'll



OFFICIAL PHOTO U. S. NAVY

Captain Arthur W. Radford, U. S. N.

be given expert instruction in every type of hand-to-hand combat. They'll learn to swim great distances with their clothes on. They'll be taught all the crippling wrestling holds, all the cunning tricks of jujitsu, how to break a man's arm, how to kick in the groin, how to kill a man with the bare hands, and they'll have strength enough to do it.

The word "commando" naturally comes to mind in this connection, and has been suggested to the navy as a name. But although this is commando training of a sort, these aerial wildcats won't technically be commandos unless



PHOTO BY RUDY. ARNOLD

is the new Navy Douglas SD B dive bomber in a dress rehearsal.



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC., PHOTO

Coaches make ready to serve as instructors. In center: Jim Crowley.

shot down, unhurt and aloose on their own, on enemy ground. But certainly they qualify as commandos of the air.

The entire idea is the materialized dream of a veteran navy sea and air dog, Captain A. W. Radford, and it was evolved from more than twenty years' experience with and observation of our naval aircraft and the young men who fly them. The thesis of this Annapolis alumnus (class of 1916) is simple. It may prove to have been historical.

It is simply that we build the finest planes in the world, but that we don't always place our young men in them in the finest possible physical condition. The planes are so "hot" that they're ahead of the personnel—this is my own explanation; the captain didn't say it this way—and they grow faster and more maneuverable all the time. This leaves a definite differential that can only be removed by building the physical capacity of the flyer closer to the mechanical capacity of the ship. Only if the two can be brought somewhere close to parity will there be maximum efficiency, and this is a war that calls for all we can give it.

This isn't just theory with the captain. He has incidents and cases and records to back him. He began studying the physical fitness of flyers and its translation into terms of aerial performance when stationed at the Naval Air Station in Seattle. He inaugurated and encouraged there a program of sports, chiefly squash and badminton, for the aviators, and carefully checked the results.

He knew of individual cases such as that of Lieutenant Doug Bayless, the former Annapolis football player, a fine flyer, but lost to himself and the service through felling headaches until he accidentally discovered that his principal trouble was lack of sufficiently rigorous exercise. That speed and those altitudes tear at a man. His plane is aluminum, but he must be steel.

Captain Radford's conviction was deep, his facts well marshaled, when he was suddenly ordered from Trinidad to Washington last December and installed as head of the Aviation Training Division of the Navy. Almost coincidentally with his arrival, the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor.

This was it, and no more temporizing or theorizing. His job was now

swiftly and surely to provide 30,000 kids a year who really could ride those sky horses with their ears laid back!

One of his first official moves was to put through a telephone call to the navy airfield at Anacostia, D. C., and ask Lieutenant Commander Thomas J. Hamilton to report. This would be the Tommy Hamilton who, sixteen years ago, before the largest football crowd in history, spanked that ball through the bars on Soldier Field in Chicago to give Navy a 21-21 tie with Army. It would be the same Tommy Hamilton who returned to the Academy as head football coach, at twenty-seven, and astounded the experts by piloting his team to eight victories in nine starts, climaxing the season with Navy's first victory over Army in thirteen years.

This would be the same Tommy Hamilton, yet it wasn't at all. That Tommy Hamilton was a pleasant-spoken football coach. This one was a naval officer—a combat officer—and his nation was at war. He was a flying officer, and he had been from the first. In '34 and '35, just prior to his coaching at the Academy, he flew for two years from the U.S.S. Milwaukee.

After the three years as Academy coach, in which his blue-jerseyed mid-dies won two out of three from both Army and Notre Dame, he returned to planes, flying with patrol squadrons to Hawaii, Alaska, all over the Caribbean. He was currently operations officer at Anacostia. The Far Pacific was his dream. Last December he hoped to

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO



Lieutenant Commander "Tommy" Hamilton.

lead a flight of war birds toward Japan's bloodstained Rising Sun, and help knock it below the horizon for keeps.

Mr. Hamilton saluted his superior pleasantly, but his jaw set hard as he heard what he'd been summoned for. It was to give up the thought of bombing Japs for a while and head the physical-training program of these young eagles-to-be. He bucked the decision and finally got a compromise. If he would draw up the program and head it for six months, they assured him, he could then return to active duty and take his crack at Japan.

He saw his new assignment as primarily a college project, since at least two years of college training was then a requirement. (On April 22 the Navy Department announced a new plan for recruiting, under which high-school graduates may qualify to become aviation officers with the rank of ensign in the Naval Reserve or second lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve, and those who do qualify are to be given the same preliminary "toughening" training, at the same regional "pre-flight" induction centers located at colleges, as the college men themselves.)

He decided to take his problem directly to the best athletic directors and coaches of the colleges and universities. As it chanced, he had a perfect opportunity immediately at hand. The annual conventions of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, the Physical Educators, and the National Association of Football Coaches were to be held simultaneously in Detroit December 27, 28, and 29. Hamilton requested and got permission to attend. Commander J. L. Reynolds of the Navy's Bureau of Navigation went with him.

It was an easy matter for these two officers to meet Philip Badger and Major John L. Griffith, president and secretary, respectively, of the N. C. A. A. Hamilton explained the general outlines of the impressive new project and said he was anxious to obtain the advice and help of the college authorities, also to know whether any of the college coaches, athletic directors, and such would be interested in actively participating.

Messrs. Badger and Griffith instantly arranged for Hamilton to address a
(Continued on page 46)



She bumped into him on Saturday. He stood with her while her order was filled, and he helped carry the stuff to the truck

FOLLOW YOUR

Heart

BY PAUL ERNST

Loyalty to an old man—and love for a young one. A story of wartime America and a girl's crossroad to happiness

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

ONE day it was nothing but a rumor trickling around Tane County. Almost on the next, it seemed, so fast were things moving, the contractors' men descended on the countryside. Descended was the word. They appeared as if from transport planes, 800-odd, to build the new bomber plant in from the Eastern shore.

Day Amlee and her Uncle Chas Carburg were sitting on the porch the night Clem Boles came around with news of it. Day was tired. It seemed she was always tired, with the work to be done on a ninety-acre farm which her uncle had to carry alone because he couldn't afford a hired man. A tall girl with firm and useful hands, and with skin a dusky olive from the sun, she sat on the top step.

"She's the best hired hand in Tane County," Uncle Chas was wont to say proudly. Uncle Chas was hardly taller than his niece, a stooped and wiry man with diamond creases in the back of his thin neck.

Uncle Chas welcomed Clem Boles effusively. Young bucks with nothing but looks and brawn to offer found it hard to get near Day; but Clem, older, and owner of the farm next door, could see her any time he liked. Clem sat in a porch rocker that creaked under his weight. He was a big and powerful man, though just a little fat.

"Well, they're here," said Clem. "Eight hundred workmen needing room and board. Day, you look mighty nice in that dress."

Day tugged at the hem of the cotton dress that had been washed so much it came too high on her knees.

"It's nice of you to say it, Mr. Boles," she replied. Her voice was dusky soft, like her skin.

"Clem, Day," Uncle Chas said. "Not Mr. Boles. This is our good friend Clem. Will the men have to come out as far as these farms for places to stay, Clem?"

"Yeah," said Clem. "There's nothing but farms for twenty miles around the new plant. Only farms to stay on.

Every room will have to be used to put 'em up."

Uncle Chas' brownish eyes had a speculative look. "Well, this is an emergency. There's a war on. We all got to do what we can. I expect we'll do our share here too, eh, Day?"

"We'll all do our share, of course," said Clem, very firm about it, and staring meanwhile at Day's knees.

Hundreds of men dumped in the middle of no place to build a war plant; a few fortunate enough to have trailers to live in; the rest dependent on local residents. A common enough circumstance. Day wouldn't have thought much about it even if she had not been, as she usually was, too tired to think. But next day the first of the shelter hunters arrived, which drove it personally home to her.

She was at the barn when the car turned in the drive. It was ten o'clock and she'd hardly started at her chores. Day drove the cultivator, took care of the milk and eggs which were their cash crops—worked, indeed, like any first-class hired man. That was all right; it was necessary, because of the mortgage. As Uncle Chas said, when a man had a mortgage, every cent had to go into it. He needed her badly. Sometimes he was so tired nights he had to be waited on like a baby. He couldn't dream of farming the place without her.

IN the old touring car that had turned into the farmyard were three men. Two were along in years, but one was young, with nice teeth in a nice smile. And Uncle Chas looked at that one without approval. He glanced to see if Day was near.

"Morning," said one of the older men. "We're working on the new plant and we're looking for room and meals. How's chances here?"

Uncle Chas chewed his tobacco cud a moment. "I really haven't room for any more," he said. In all his life, Uncle Chas frequently said, he'd never told a lie. He hated a liar.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed the young fellow. "We thought we were out

early. You mean to say you're all rented up already?"

"There's so blamed many of you," Uncle Chas evaded. He stared again at the young fellow's annoying good looks, then addressed the two older men in the front seat. "I might take you two," he said.

The young man sighed. "Well—better take it," he said to the older men. "I'll find another place."

The two got their stuff from the car and followed Uncle Chas. The room was in back, and it was small. It had been for the hired man before Day came to live with Uncle Chas. There were two cots and two folding chairs in it.

"Fifteen a week for this and board," said Uncle Chas.

"For the two of us? That's O. K."

"You want to ruin me?" said Uncle Chas. "Fifteen apiece. You got your own bedding? I run out of money with the cots. We all want to do what we can, but you don't get rich on a farm."

THE two were sober, steady men. They looked at him and then looked at each other.

"I guess it'll have to do," said one, after quite a while. "How many others have you signed up already?"

Uncle Chas turned toward the door. "Dinner's half past six, breakfast at seven."

He went down to the porch, and the young fellow from the car was there with Day, who looked puzzled.

"He says"—she nodded her tawny head toward the boy—"you told him there was only room for two—"

"The separator ought to be cared for right away, Day," said Uncle Chas. "You know what the inspector said, last trip here. And you'd better see what we need in the kitchen for the extra load we got to carry."

He turned to the boy as Day went off, tall and graceful.

"She's only a kid, hardly past pig-tails," Uncle Chas said conversationally. "I don't talk over the running of the place with her. She doesn't know."

"Yeah?" said the young fellow ex-

pressionlessly. He was in his early twenties, big-handed, square of jaw. He was bareheaded, and his dark hair was thick and rumped. His two traveling mates were close to fifty; but when they came back out, the young man greeted them with the equality of one good workman for other good workmen, regardless of age.

The car left, and Uncle Chas went to the kitchen.

"We're going to need a lot of stuff," he sighed to Day. "It'll take a lot of money."

Day didn't reply. She was washing the separator bowl, arms satiny in the suds, firm young breasts etching crescent shadows on her faded dress.

Uncle Chas said, "The place will be cluttered with strange men. I'd be careful about having much to do with them. They're floaters, going from job to job, not caring what responsibilities they leave behind them. Like the fresh kid who bothered you."

"He didn't bother me," said Day. She pushed the thick hair back from her steady blue eyes. "He said you told him there wasn't any room—"

"The house will be full to the eaves," said Uncle Chas. "That's why I'm talking to you."

"But he isn't a floater. He works in Baltimore. He's a mason. He lives with his sister and brother-in-law and is part of a Baltimore crew that works around on war plants."

"See what I mean? He told you a lot in a few minutes—but, being a stranger, he can leave a lot out, too. Like maybe having a wife in Baltimore."

Worn car brakes clattered outside.

The two in this car were both younger than Uncle Chas cared for. He sent them off. But the next arrivals, four men in a seven-year-old sedan, were like the two he'd already taken—sober, settled citizens, probably married, not the kind to tear around and disturb Day's peace of mind.

He put them in the front room, and Day heard them talk.

"ISN'T fifteen a week a lot to ask them?" she said a bit later.

Uncle Chas explained: "You got to look at all angles. Room and meals are just a start. We'll have to buy a lot of stuff, and that's a loss. We'll lose on the farm because you'll be too busy in the kitchen to help much. Fifteen's hardly enough. But this is wartime, an emergency, and it wouldn't be right to overcharge."

So there were six for dinners and breakfasts and six lunch pails to pack. A few days later there were eight. Uncle Chas culled a pockmarked elderly carpenter and a bald electrician from the stream of applicants for room and board. Eight was capacity for one medium-sized room and two small ones. It was also capacity for the farm, which had one well, one outhouse, and unfortunately only one Day Amlee.

She stretched her strength as far as she could. She slept in the kitchen, with the rest of the house full, while

Uncle Chas slept in the parlor. In that way, she spent about twenty hours out of the twenty-four in the kitchen. The rest of the hours took care of farm details beyond the strength of Uncle Chas, trying as he was to farm the place all alone.

He was apologetic about it. "This is awful hard on you, Day. Wish I could get some one to help you in the kitchen."

She knew this was impossible. Every farmer's woman was in the same fix. None had time to hire out.

"It's hard," said Uncle Chas, "but it will bring its own reward. I've figured it out, and we may make a little on this. And when a man can pay off maybe half his mortgage—well, that is worth a few extra hours of work."

He wasn't thinking entirely of the mortgage, though. He often said, "This is our duty—to take care of as many men as possible who work on Uncle Sam's war buildings. This is an emergency; we all got to make sacrifices."

Clem also was making sacrifices. Clem Boles had patched the leaks in his barn roof and was letting men sleep in his hayloft while it was summer. He knocked off three dollars a week room rent for this without a word being said. In the house Clem had two sisters, so he could handle more than Uncle Chas with one niece.

"Fine man, Clem," said Uncle Chas, looking obliquely at Day. Then, "Has that young floater been around?"

"Floater?" said Day, brushing her hair back from her forehead. Her splendid health and strength looked a bit dimmed.

"The fresh kid that came with

Barnes and Matson, in the back room."

"I haven't seen him around here," said Day. Then she blushed deeply.

Observing the blush, Uncle Chas knew he'd done his duty by his poor dead sister's child when he filled his house with middle-aged and undistracting men. These young scalawags with nothing to offer but strong backs and sidewise glances were not for his niece.

It was as well that Uncle Chas put that interpretation on the blush. Day had said she hadn't seen the young man around the place, which was true. Unsaid was the fact that she had seen him three times at Harper's Crossroads, five miles away.

NOT used to ordering supplies for so many, she had run short several times, so that she had to rattle to Harper's after dinner in the old truck for next morning's provisions. Uncle Chas didn't like her to make these trips; but some one must stay home evenings and keep the boarders out of the vegetable patch, and he didn't trust Day to do this.

The general store was like the rest of the countryside, so bulging with excess that you could hardly navigate. Day moved carefully between a pile of crates, and a man threading his way between pyramids of canned goods bumped into her.

"Sorry," he said. Then his blue-gray eyes took her in and he said, "Oh, it's you."

Day said good evening rather quickly, and took her list from her pocket. The young fellow said:

"I didn't have time to introduce myself at your farm the other day."



I'm Bill Yates. Your name's Day Amlee, isn't it?"

She nodded, and he grinned, showing sound white teeth.

"I asked my friends," he told her. "First I thought you were that old cr—Mr. Carburg's wife. My friends said no, you're his niece. Day Amlee. That's a nice name."

Perhaps he expected a line of some kind, but she just said, "Thanks."

"My friends say you sure can cook," he went on. "I guess that's all that keeps them there, with the price they pay. Say, you don't get much time to yourself, do you?"

"Not much." Day had an impulse to explain why Uncle Chas had to get fifteen dollars a week—the mortgage, the farm loss, and all. But you don't go into financial details with strangers, even when they're strangers that it seems pleasant to be with.

"Could you get time off Saturday night?" said Bill Yates. "There's a dance in Fredericksville." He grinned again. "I wouldn't ask so fast, only it seems like we're almost old friends, my pals speak of you so much."

"I couldn't," said Day. He was in much washed khaki pants and shirt; his hair was still damp where he'd run a comb through it; he looked as scrubbed as the separator bowl after it had been sudsed and scalded. "I'd like to, but I couldn't."

"It's not fair, the way you have to work."

"There's a lot to be done," said Day. And she went past him with the list.

She bumped into him again next night at the store, and once more on the Saturday night he had mentioned. Only that night he wasn't in the store; he was sitting on the porch step, and looked as if he'd been there quite a while.

Day noticed an odd thing.

There were a dozen others around—old men of the farms who still came here to gossip, contractors' men with nowhere else to go; but young Bill Yates was the only one in focus; he stuck out like a large figure in the forefront of a picture.

HE went toward her as she swung down from the truck.

"Hello, Day," he said.

She said, "Hello, Bill."

She hadn't quite meant to call him Bill, but in the last few days when she'd thought of him among her kitchen duties it was not as Mr. Yates.

"I thought you were going to the dance in Fredericksville," she said.

"The girl I wanted to take couldn't make it," he replied, "so I didn't go at all. I just happened to be here—"

He laughed and stopped beside her, and she stopped too, at the foot of the store steps.

"I didn't 'just happen' to be here. I've been hanging around every minute off work, thinking to see you again."

There was a ghost of the South in the drawl of the young mason from Baltimore. Day liked it.

"This will be about my last trip," she said. "I've got the buying down better, and Uncle Chas gets the supplies in the daytime."

"Then I'll have to come to the farm to see you."

"I don't think you'd better." Her gaze asked him to understand. "I'm so busy. And Uncle Chas might not like it."

"A man can see his friends, can't he? Barnes and Matson stay at your place. I ought to see them once in a while."

He stood at the counter with her while her order was filled, and he helped carry the stuff to the truck.

"It's a long way to your place," he said, "and it's a lonesome road. I'd better go with you, in case of accident."

"Why, how would you get back?"

"Walk," said Bill. "It's a swell night for it."

"It's miles!"

He swung up beside her with a laugh, and after a hesitation she started off. She felt vaguely that she shouldn't allow this, yet underneath she knew that it was all right—that Bill was all right.

ON the narrow, empty road Bill told her more about himself, and she told him how her folks had died three years before and she'd come to live with Uncle Chas. The cab was a little world with only the two of them in it, and even the truck's clatter was a cheerful thing.

Day saw in Bill's eyes a change to speed her pulse's slow, strong beat. The other times he had looked at her, it was as any young man would at any girl attractive in his sight. Now it seemed to her that he gave her a special look, one reserved for Day Amlee. If she didn't choose to return it, why, that was her privilege; but no one else would ever get it—not quite the same look.

When Bill left her in the truck a short way from the farm, he didn't try to kiss her, and this went with that special look. She knew that, and was glad. She knew that after just three brief meetings it would be quite a while before she forgot Bill Yates with his corded mason's hands and his confident jaw—which was pretty silly. She wondered if there were some flaw in her, some looseness, that she should feel like that.

He came out to the farm the following Wednesday evening in a brand-new third-hand roadster.

Day, for once, was not in the kitchen. Clem Boles had come, so that Uncle Chas had suggested that Day must be pretty tuckered and ought to rest awhile on the porch. The boarders were in back, where Barnes and Matson had set up horse-shoe pegs. Clem Boles stopped chewing as the roadster halted in the beginning dusk and Bill Yates vaulted over the door.

"Hi," he said, coming toward them.

Day nodded, deep blue eyes wide. Clem said nothing. Uncle Chas said, "Why, hello, bub. Looking for Matson

and Barnes? They're out in back."

"Thanks," said Bill lightly. "I'll go back in a minute. It looks nice on this porch, with the vines—"

"Matson and Barnes," rumbled Clem, "are in back." And the rocker creaked abruptly under his bulk.

The dusk grew very still. Clem Boles and Bill Yates regarded each other. In the dimness all you could see was the whites of their eyes, of which there seemed to be an unusual amount. Day said hastily:

"This is Mr. Clem Boles, Mr. Yates."

Bill said, "Oh, yes. The guy that charges twelve a week for meals and for sleeping space in the hayloft of a leaky barn."

"That's not a nice tone to take, sonny," said Uncle Chas. "We're all doing the best we can to win the war. You'd realize that if you were older. But you're just a kid—"

"Sure," said Bill evenly. "Hardly past pigtails."

"Day," said Uncle Chas, "maybe you'd better finish the dishes before the water on the range all boils away."

For once, this wasn't so good; because the kitchen was in back, and the horseshoe game was in back, and before Uncle Chas could think of that and get back to the kitchen, Day and Bill were talking through the rear window.

"You were right, it's no go," said Bill. "That Clem Boles! He has thirty pounds on me, but I could—"

"Please, Bill, no."

"When can I see you?" he said. He wasn't grinning now; his mouth was straight and serious. "I've got to see you," he said.

"I'd like to, Bill, but I don't see how I can."

DAY'S hair, with the lamp behind it, looked like a tawny aura. Her hands, made to shape and run a home, were clasped before her.

"It takes everything I have to keep things running here, Bill. And that's all right. These times you do such things. But there's more. Uncle Chas has done everything for me since he took me in and gave me a home. He's not strong and he's doing all the farmwork alone. It'd be bad for him if I let even a little of my own work slide."

"Why does he farm so hard?" growled Bill. "He doesn't have to. Multiply eight boarders by fifteen a week sometime."

"There's a mortgage on the farm," said Day. "It takes everything. This is his chance to reduce it so he won't have to work so hard when he is old."

"I notice you can get time off to sit on the porch when Clem Boles is here!"

Uncle Chas' step was heard. At the pleading in Day's eyes, Bill reluctantly left the window.

Next day Uncle Chas had a talk with his niece.

"Day," he said, "Clem acted a little short with that boy last night, but

don't mind it. It's because Clem's so fond of you."

Day was peeling potatoes. There were always such a lot of them to peel. He went on:

"His farm's right next to ours, and it's a good farm. I'm feeling poorly. I haven't said much, because you have enough to worry about without me. But I'm not so young as I was. Clem is only thirty-seven."

So there she had it plain; she couldn't overlook it any more. Odd that the thought of Clem as husband should be thrust at her on this particular day; because it was the same evening that Mr. Barnes said to her out of the side of his mouth at the door: "Forget some groceries and go to the store for 'em tonight. It's important."

She got to the store a little before nine. Bill wasn't sitting on the step; he was waiting anxiously at the curb for her, and he got to the truck before it had stopped rolling.

"Gosh, I'm glad you made it," he said. "I had to see you, Day. An emergency."

His hand was on her arm without either of them being quite aware of it.

He said: "I'm driving home tonight. Back to Baltimore. My brother-in-law. A wall caved on him, poor guy. It'll take a long time to get over—and there's my sister and her kid. I've got to go back and pick up the pieces for her."

"You're—going away?" Day repeated.

"I have to; there's no way out. Look—will you go with me, Day?"

SHE was stone-still, looking at him. Clem Boles, and then this. The same day. He hurried on: "I'm sorry to rush it like this, but there's no time for anything else. No time to take you places and get you things and let you know me better. You'll have to take my word for it that I'm about as regular as most guys, and—and I'm so nuts about you I can't think straight. Marry me, Day."

He stood with his foot on the running board and his hand on her arm; and there was nothing dainty about his hand and nothing fragile about her arm. They were a pair of young huskies, two of a kind, and the contact was solid and good.

"I've scared you," he said unsteadily. "I shouldn't have come out so soon with a thing so big. Of course a girl couldn't fall for a fellow so soon."

She shook her head.

"It looks like time doesn't make much difference, Bill," she said. "But I couldn't go away with you. What would Uncle Chas do, with a farm to run and eight people to cook for and make beds for? He'd lose everything. The bank would take his farm over, maybe. That's no way to pay him back for all he's done for me."

"Let him get somebody else."

"There's nobody to get. Not a woman for miles around is for hire. There aren't any farm hands to be had. No. With me Uncle Chas can

just about keep going—without me he's licked. You feel you have to drop everything and go because your sister needs you. There's nothing else for you to do. Well, it's the same with me and Uncle Chas."

"All right," said Bill desperately. "If that's the way it is, we'll help him with money. We'll send him a little every month."

Day shook her head. "I don't know how much you make, but even if it's a lot, a full half wouldn't take the place of all I do for him. No, Bill; I have to stay."

Probably there were a lot of men around—there usually were. Probably there was a lot of noise and talking. The two wouldn't know. They saw and heard only each other.

"So it's good-by, then," Bill said heavily.

"It won't have to be good-by for very long." But Day knew it would be. The plant would be done soon, and the industrial army of contractors' men would be swung off to another war job somewhere else.

"I guess it's something you'll have to decide for yourself," said Bill slowly. "You say I have to go because my sister needs me bad. And that's right. If things are the same with you and your uncle . . ."

HER arm was going to hurt for an hour afterward with the final pressure of his fingers.

"All the luck—Day," he said. And left.

Day got the provisions she'd said she must have for next morning. She didn't see the store clerk; he took the list from her fingers after a while, and then she took what he handed her.

She had done right. She knew she had done right. But she wouldn't see Bill again. She knew that, too. Unless there was some other way. If they could send Uncle Chas a little money . . .

How much would be enough to tide him along? What was the least demand to be made on Bill, who already would have bills above his brother-in-law's workman's compensation to take care of?

Day put the things in the truck and

walked down the road five houses to the home of Mr. Ross, semi-retired from his law office in distant Fred-ericsville. He handled most of the routine legal business around here, and he was a director in the Fred-ericsville Bank. He might be able to supply an answer.

Mr. Ross was big and leisurely and old, like his house. He was easy to talk to, and this helped, for it was difficult to pry into the thing Day had in mind.

"I want to ask something that will look like it's none of my business," said Day. "But it is, really. You'd know about Uncle Chas' mortgage, wouldn't you? Can you tell me how big it is, how much interest he has to pay?"

"Mortgage?" repeated the old lawyer. "Mortgage?"

"Why, yes. On his farm—"

DAY stopped. She pulled the thick silky hair back from her forehead and looked at Mr. Ross' perplexity, and also viewed in a new light three endless, dreary years.

"Chas hasn't a mortgage on his place, unless he has taken one out, for no good reason, in the last few days. Did he tell you he had a mortgage?"

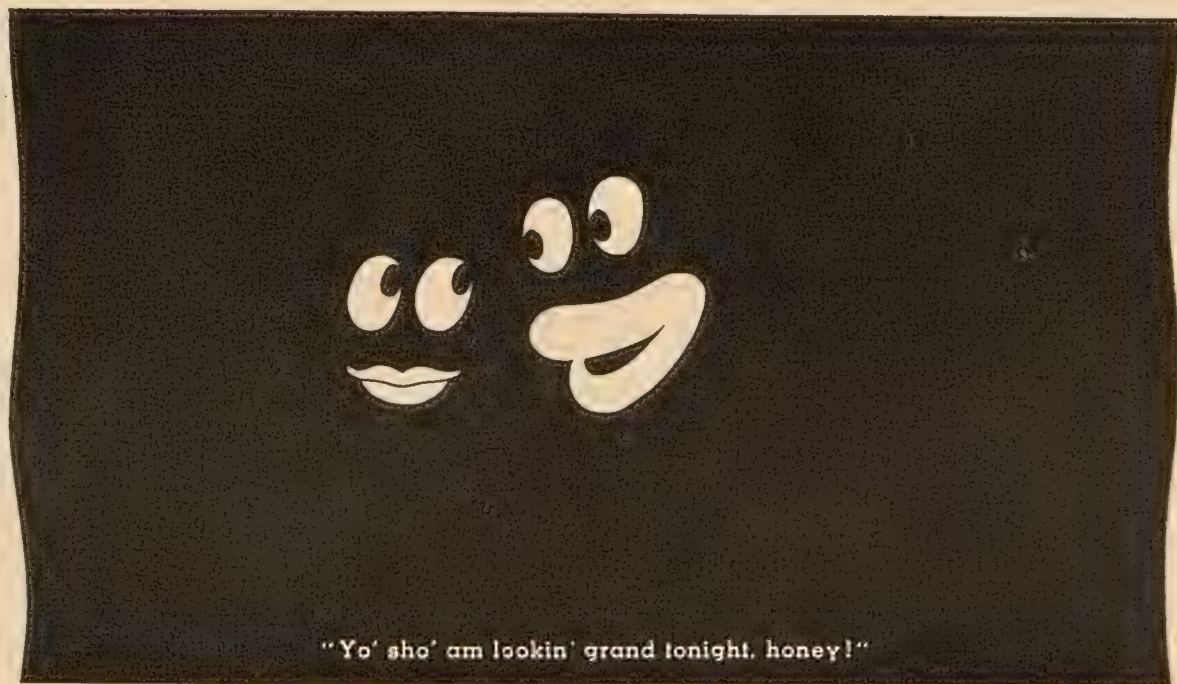
No. Not once, it came to Day, had Uncle Chas said that. It had always been: "If a man has a mortgage," "When a man has a mortgage"—never once: "I have a mortgage on my farm." Uncle Chas in all his life had never told an outright lie.

Mr. Ross said quickly, "You feel all right, Day? Want to sit down for a few minutes?"

"No," said Day. "I feel all right. I've got to go now. Thanks. Thanks so much. I've got to hurry."

She didn't know where Bill was staying. But there was only one road south out of Harper's Crossroads, so she stood by that, under the last of the village's three proud street lights, where he'd be sure to see her when she called and waved to him. She wondered what his kiss would be like. He had asked her to marry him, and she was going to do it, and they hadn't even kissed each other yet.

THE END



"Yo' sho' am lookin' grand tonight, honey!"

BY EDMUND HUNTER



QUISLING:

The man behind the hated name



BY CHARLES ROBBINS

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHEN Vidkun Quisling let the Nazis make him puppet ruler of his native Norway, he contributed materially to the anti-Nazi cause. For otherwise the United Nations would be without one of their choicest terms of contempt—his name, which has wriggled all over the world as an epithet for any traitor like him or for treason in general.

He himself has done his utmost to give another name a new meaning. Preaching Hitler's creed, he had to attribute his country's ills to the Jews, especially the Jewish financiers. But there never have been more than 1,500 Jews in Norway, and there wasn't one financier among them. Nevertheless, he would bleat:

"Fellow Norwegians! Nordics! Our land is going to the dogs because of the international capitalist Jews! True, there are few Jews in Norway, but a man need not be born a Jew to think like one. There are Jews in the flesh and Jews in the spirit. It is spiritual Jews we have to deal with!"

Norwegian authorities agree that "spiritual Jews" is Quisling's sole original contribution to the Nazi doctrine. All his other pronouncements have been mere echoes of Hitler's.

His position has been precarious from the start. Even the Germans in Norway don't like him. The mockery of power that he has clung to derives entirely from his personal pull with Hitler and with Rosenberg. When things would go wrong, he would run over to Berlin, bootlick assiduously, and return—to find his countrymen arrayed more solidly against him. Their feeling has expressed itself in wide movements like the resignations of the clergy, and in individual heroism. Also, for instance, when the Nazis began printing Norwegian money, their new one-krone note was commonly called "one coward," the new two-kroner note "one Quisling." He is called Vidkjent Usling, which means "widely known coward." His recruit-

ing efforts are met with icy silence or derisive whistling. A popular joke is that the Nazis don't issue stamps bearing his likeness for fear that people would spit on the wrong side.

In the face of all this, Quisling is going—or has already gone—to pieces. He has taken to drinking heavily, despite his emulation of teetotaler Hitler.

His few thousand followers have come from among fellow opportunists and callow youths, the latter grouped in a bodyguard. His home outside Oslo is quite elaborate. He bought it with government cash a year ago, and rifled national museums of furniture and pictures for it. All neighboring houses were demolished to ensure his safety.

His wife is a Russian whom he met and married nineteen years ago in her native Kharkov. The year before he had married another Russian woman, just to help her escape from Russia. After she succeeded, he married again, and his second wife straightway escaped. But after four years on her own in Paris, she rejoined him. They have no children. Somebody once asked him about this, and he flew into a rage, replying that he didn't want any.

QUISLING was born in 1887, in the remote southern valley of Friesdal. At first he hated having to go to school; the other boys ridiculed his country accent. Then hurt pride spurred him and he excelled in his studies, as he did later, conspicuously, at the Royal Norwegian Military Academy.

He was made a captain on the General Staff, then military attaché in Petrograd in 1918, then secretary of the legation at Helsinki. After that he helped Fridtjof Nansen in Russian and Armenian famine relief work. But Nansen soon lost faith in him. In 1926 they parted, and for the next three years he remained in Russia.

For a while he was attached to the Norwegian legation in Moscow, with the now ironic job of looking after the interests of Great Britain, which had

broken off relations with the U. S. S. R. He seems to have done some conniving with Captain Frederik Prytz, Norwegian speculator, in dealings that ended in a ruble scandal, Prytz fleeing the country and Quisling explaining himself to the secret police.

Meanwhile, on visits home, he approached Labor Party extremists with an offer to foment social revolution. The offer was turned down. By the time he went home for good, in 1930, seeds of Nazism were sprouting in his mind. He wrote articles on the need for Norwegian rearmament. Result: the young Farmers' Party, recently come to power, selected him as Minister of Defense. He used troops to break a strike, and thus earned the hatred of Norwegian workingmen.

One February morning in 1932 all Norway read sensational headlines: Quisling had been attacked. His story was that somebody, in a dark room at his office, had thrown pepper in his eyes, hacked him with a penknife, knocked him senseless. But the Chief of Police Intelligence called the whole thing a publicity stunt. Its effect was a fiasco that eased Quisling's party out of power. He proceeded to get up in Parliament and denounce the Labor Party both as instigator of the attack on him and for intent to sell out to Russia.

Failing to substantiate these charges, he returned to private life.

In May, 1933, he formed his own Nazi-model "National Union" party. Shortly before the Nazi invasion in 1940 it had yet to win a single parliamentary seat. Four months later it had them all.

On the very night before the invasion he distributed leaflets in the streets of Oslo proclaiming that the only way to unify the country was to oust the elected government and install his party in its place.

As it has turned out, that procedure has unified Norway—but not in the fashion Quisling had in mind!

THE END

MACARTHUR- HERO AND HUSBAND



Calm under fire—calm at home. A vivid on-the-spot view of the home life of America's famous general

**BY ANNALEE
WHITMORE JACOBY**

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

[EDITOR'S NOTE: As Liberty goes to press with this dispatch from Mrs. Jacoby, the sad news comes from Australia that her husband, Melville Jacoby, magazine correspondent and news photographer, and Brigadier General Harold H. George of the United States Army Air Force, have lost their lives in a plane crash.]

Melbourne, Australia—by radio.

SHELLS whistled overhead and burst close by. Every stomach turned over in unison and every one moved toward shelter. There was a moment, a spasm of fright, when an explosion sounded even closer.

Then, suddenly, in through the tunnel's sandbagged entrance came a woman, a diminutive slim brunette dressed in bright yellow, leading a calm four-year-old boy. She nodded to right and left and said cheerfully, in a friendly Tennessee drawl:

"Tell the lieutenant hello, Arthur. My, it's noisy, isn't it?"

The tension broke. Every one smiled. The Jap artillery blasting at Corregidor was forgotten as every one talked to the General's wife—Mrs. Douglas MacArthur—and made much of the MacArthurs' little son.

Being the General's wife was no cinch in Manila, it certainly was none on Corregidor, and even in Australia it is none; but Jean Faircloth MacArthur would be the last to admit any of this. She is a woman so intensely preoccupied with home and family that war, from all outward appearances, has no effect on her. She and "the General"—she invariably calls



The MacArthurs' son Arthur on Corregidor.

him that when speaking of him—arrived in Australia with almost no belongings except the clothes they had on. The few suitcases she had brought on their arduous trip by motor, torpedo boat, and plane had been soaked with salt water, and even the leather luggage had melted to torn strips. Since their arrival she's shopped for complete wardrobes for her son, his Chinese amah (nursemaid), Ah Ju, and herself. She's established a smooth-running home and household in Australia for America's uproariously welcomed four-star general. And invariably she still appears serene and well groomed before the crowds that

invariably gather wherever MacArthur's long dark car stops.

Last December, in the days when the General—in a futile effort to get the lives of a civilian population spared by a murderous enemy—declared Manila an open city and was beginning to conduct the retreat to Bataan, she and he "moved" out of Manila to Corregidor on a few hours' notice. Their luxurious suite in a Manila hotel had to be left just as it was, with furniture, books, pictures, and even clothes still in place. The books alone amounted to a family treasure; the General had some eight thousand of them, collected over many years. On his birthday his wife had always taken pains to give him another book that he would prize.

The week after the MacArthurs moved out, the Japs came in. Jean MacArthur looked back upon those lost belongings without regret; abandoning them had been an unavoidable military necessity. She had brought away to Corregidor only food, clothes, and a few toys for Arthur, and several changes of clothing for the General and herself.

The General set an example of fearlessness for his staff, his troops, and his wife and child to follow. He naturally would. He had done the like in the first World War; had been seriously wounded twice and, when gassed, had refused to go to a hospital. It had been impossible to persuade him to wear a gas mask. Told that he should, as an example to his men, he had replied, "But *this* is an example to my men. It shows them that they come first."

Now, during the Japs' first bad raid, he was caught out in an open space. He stood there calmly, surveying formation after formation of enemy bombing planes. He was saved from certain injury by a devoted Filipino orderly who rushed out to shield him and got a wound from a shrapnel fragment that would have hit him. He was always among the last to seek shelter when the Jap artillery on the near-by



General has just awarded Filipino Captain Villamor the D.S.C.



The General and Mrs. MacArthur upon their arrival in Australia.

Cavite shore line opened up, or when a siren's chilling scream announced an air raid. Many times I saw a panicky rush for shelter start and stop abruptly, the crowd taking courage from the tall man in uniform with four stars on his shoulders who stood unmoving, unafraid.

On Corregidor, topsy-turvy though life was on that besieged little island fortress, Mrs. MacArthur too, in her own way, set a shining example of morale. She calmly went about making a comfortable home for the General and their son. They were bombed out of one house. In a single raid it was reduced to a mass of crumbled wreckage. The General chose another house in an equally exposed position, far from shelter, and firmly refused to consider moving to a safer place, although he did make provision for the safety of his family. His wife adjusted their habitual household routine to the hours when air attacks were most likely. Arthur and Ah Ju, the amah, breakfasted early and were driven to a shelter. Arthur's father and mother followed later—sometimes quite a while after explosions had begun shaking the entire area of the island. Then the General would spend the day at his smoothly organized headquarters in Malinta Tunnel. Mrs. MacArthur and her little son would stay outside as long as possible, chatting with soldiers, officers, and nurses.

At the faintest hum of a far-off plane motor, Ah Ju would try to rush the boy under cover. But Mrs. MacArthur would say.

"My goodness sakes alive, let's stay out here while we can. We'll have time enough to move when something really begins happening."

At the end of the day the General would come from his headquarters greeting almost every one he passed by name and stopping to tell cheery



Mrs. MacArthur with her son when he was even younger.



General MacArthur (at right) conferring with Major General Jonathan Wainwright.

anecdotes. He would look about for "Jeanie" and the youngster, and the three would drive home to their unprotected home to stay till morning.

Only once did the MacArthurs depart from this placid methodical routine. One evening, shells were still bursting after sunset. Bright spurts of flame from Jap artillery showed through the dusk at regular intervals from across the narrow stretch of the south passage of Manila Bay. For the first time, Mrs. MacArthur left little Arthur with Ah Ju in the shelter. She

and the General were at home having dinner when shells began whistling directly overhead and one burst right outside.

She drove back to the shelter entrance and went in to her son. A trifle shamefacedly, she explained:

"You know, they're hitting quite close up there. Of course the General won't leave the house. When I asked him what to do, he just said quietly, reassuringly, 'Do just as you wish.'"

That was the one and only time Jean Faircloth MacArthur was upset—and then it wasn't fear that had upset her. She had been grappling with a problem: should she stay with her husband, or should she go to their little boy and assure herself that he was all right?

The General takes great pride in his sturdy, handsome, brown-eyed son, but through the daylight hours he devoted all his own time to his military duties and delegated the safeguarding of the boy to trusted orderlies.

"You know," Mrs. MacArthur told me once, "the General just laughs when I fret about all this noise maybe making Arthur nervous or giving him some kind of complex. And he's right, of course—it hasn't seemed to affect Arthur the slightest bit. Why, the General brags that Arthur's probably the only person here who's gained weight during the past few weeks!"

EXCEPT for his disregard of danger, the General takes good care of himself. He has always eaten moderately, never drinks, except an occasional glass of sherry or port. His heavy responsibilities have left him little time for relaxations. In Manila, he and Mrs. MacArthur went often to the movies. He will usually spend a quiet evening at home, talking with his wife and his aides, never far from military matters. He thinks on his feet. On Corregidor he and Mrs. MacArthur would go outside every night and, arm in arm, would walk up and down, sometimes for hours.

Her major concerns were neither air raids nor Jap artillery fire; they were such little problems as the tailoring of an extra jacket for the General and the chance that four-year-old Arthur might outgrow his shoes before a larger size could be obtained for him. Through the first few weeks the General wore over his wash uniform a rust-colored leather jacket. His wife shopped between raids at the island post exchange, bought a linen coat for herself and a lighter-weight nonuniform white jacket for him. He said nothing, but he wore it only during their evening walks. She understood—and had it copied in heavy khaki by the Chinese post tailor. The General, immensely pleased, wore the copy constantly from then on.

He never failed to be amused, to throw his head back and laugh heartily, at the sight of his own long shoes and Arthur's tiny oxfords side by side; or when Arthur, in an accent that is midway between his father's flawless speech and his mother's

Southern drawl, would lapse into Ah Ju's pidgin-Englishisms. Mrs. MacArthur would laugh too, but thereafter she would keep a sharp ear on her son's grammar and syntax.

As often as he could, the General looked on, beaming paternally, while Arthur played and capered against the grimly incongruous background of the Corregidor sandbags. Mrs. MacArthur played with him, constantly on guard lest his heritage of healthy exuberance cause him a painful bump, quick to cuddle him and croon to him soothingly whenever he did hurt himself. At play he imitated his father. He was forever "smoking" a toothbrush, putting it nonchalantly in his mouth or holding it idly between his fingers—the selfsame mannerisms as the General's with his cigarette holder. Arthur's little overseas cap was always cocked at precisely the same angle as the General's. Whenever the mother noticed a new imitation, she would laugh and say proudly, "I know where *that* came from!"

For nearly a hundred days—days of fighting to the death, when a last-stand, outnumbered army, without air striking power or reconnoitering assistance and without the faintest hope of reinforcement, nevertheless managed at times, thanks to MacArthur's brilliant strategy, to take the offensive against those hordes and swarms of Japs—the General and his men stalled the Sons of Heaven, or whatever you prefer to call them, in the Philippines.

And through the later weeks of that epic fight the General knew that one day, soon, he must leave the devoted men who were fighting it under him and beside him, and obey the orders of his commander in chief—orders that would send him to Australia to become the Supreme Allied Commander in the Southwest Pacific.

OF MacArthur, the lads who served under him were saying: "The greatest fighting guy in the whole world is the Old Man!"

They cheered him as they said farewell to him. They cheered, too, the brave little woman and the calm-eyed child who boarded with him the sixty-five-foot Philippine Q-boat—one of the four torpedo carriers that met for the first stage of that perilous journey.

The trip in those little jolting, kidney-smashing boats was in itself a grueling ordeal. Mrs. MacArthur never complained. Neither did young Arthur; he just clutched his favorite doll to him. Only once, when they espied a Jap warship at dusk, were they very close to danger from the enemy. The motors of the four boats were cut, and they pitched like corks in the heaving swells. But the Jap craft overlooked them and passed by. Eventually they made contact with the two Flying Fortresses that were to take them the rest of the way—2,000 miles and more, and over Japanese airdromes and harbors—to Australia. Both Mrs. MacArthur and her son remained self-possessed though quite airsick. Soon after their arrival, the mother, who when in the best of health weighs only

100 pounds, said she now meant to concentrate on regaining the two pounds she had lost on the journey.

Despite the different ways of life in Australia, the family's routine has apparently changed but little. They live in an old exclusive hotel, where they have a suite, and eat meals that are luxurious in comparison with Corregidor's army rations. Arthur attends a small private kindergarten—the very first school in his life. He had his fourth birthday on Corregidor, but here in Australia he seemed to have grown up overnight when he appeared for the first time in heavy overcoat, sweater, tailored knee-length trousers, instead of a tropic romper suit. Most afternoons, he and Ah Ju and a new tricycle are loaded into a four-star car to visit a park or a zoo. Mrs. MacArthur goes along, weighted down with toys, unless she goes off alone to do some more of her endless shopping for personal and household necessities.

She occasionally will attend an afternoon reception with Colonel Sidney Huff, aide to the General, and has to be extricated from the admiring crowd that gathers to talk to the wife of a hero of heroes and to listen to her American Southern accent. As for the General himself, his time is entirely taken up by military duties.

The MacArthurs, you know, were married in New York City in 1937. Two years before, the General's beloved mother, on her last trip across the Pacific, had met this little Miss Jean Marie Faircloth and had become her close friend. It was the General's second marriage. His first wife had been Louise Cromwell Brooks, sister of James Cromwell, and their union had soon ended in divorce. Washington sources reveal, I am informed, that on the day of his wedding to Miss Brooks, Douglas MacArthur arrived fifteen minutes early, found preparations still going on, and took occasion to deliver a concise lecture on the militarily important duties of punctuality and preparedness. Today he is understandably proud of and devoted to his pretty little wife, who is twenty years his junior, as well as to his bright and steadfast little son.

THE personalities and interests of the MacArthurs, man and wife, are best expressed in portions of their statements upon their arrival in Australia. What he said was: "I shall do my best. I shall keep the soldier faith." And she said: "I will devote my time to the General and Arthur, as in the past. That is my message to the women of this lovely country—to help our men in every way to do their work well."

Deservedly high in the estimation and deep in the affections not only of Americans and Australians but of all the peoples of all the United Nations is the name of General Douglas MacArthur.

Deep in those affections belong, too, the names of Jean and Arthur MacArthur.

THE END

HOW TO BE A FIREMAN

IN 30 EASY LESSONS



Drop around and see us learn

BY JEROME M. DREIFUSS

**Firemen—like old maids—
always look under the bed!
And this will tell you why**

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN I was a youngster, I wanted to be a fireman. Now I finally am one. But it took the biggest war the world has ever seen to make me what I wanted to be then. Today, for better or worse, I am a member of the Fire Department Emergency Auxiliary Corps of New York City. I have a number, card, arm band, certificate, and lapel button to prove it; and I did it all in thirty easy lessons.

New York City is not unique, nor by any means am I. All over this country, in any city that stands a chance of being bombed, men of every walk of life are going to schools in fire stations and taking courses in how to be a fireman. In age they range from callow youths to men who wistfully remember when horses were the only reliable means of bringing apparatus to a fire.

A poster roped me in. One night when I was in a delicatessen store buying the evening milk and dill pickles, a violent poster resting against a bunch of bananas spotted me. It had a very determined fireman jabbing his finger in my direction and shouting, "MR. CITIZEN! VOLUNTEER! DEFEND YOUR CITY!" It insisted that I go right away quick and enlist at the nearest fire station, so I took the milk and pickles with me and did so. At long last I entered a firehouse. At that time, the regular firemen and the would-be auxiliaries were as far apart as the ancient Babylonians and the present-day denizens of Ocala, Florida. But now we all expect to eat precisely the same smoke and cough the same language.

The poster pointed at me in June of 1941, and those of us who joined then were considered alarmists and warmongers. Since an unpleasant Sunday early in December of that

year, many of the boys who kidded us have joined our ranks. Our training has taught us one salient thing: fire fighting today is highly technical and complicated. To be a success in the business—and that includes the fine art of staying alive—requires long training and years of experience, which the auxiliaries certainly lack. They say, however, a good stiff air raid is very beneficial, and that London auxiliaries who hadn't known a hose from a ladder knew that and plenty more the morning after the bombing of the night before.

Twice a week, for two hours a session, a group of us would sit on old park benches beneath the shadow of an eighty-five-foot hook-and-ladder truck and listen to Irish-accented wisdom from the station's commanding officer. Compared to the brawny firemen who lolled about waiting for a call, it looked pretty bad for the town, come the blitz, if we were to be the boys to help them save it. We ranged through everything from a newspaperman like myself to landscape gardeners, plastic experts, bus conductors, janitors, and a public accountant.

The first thing I learned was that every time the bell went off, it didn't mean our company "rolled." (Firemen never go to a fire; they "roll.") I grew so accustomed to it that one day when an alarm went off, I was quite surprised when our dear teacher and his assistants reversed the usual procedure when a bell rings in a school. This time the faculty dashed out and left the pupils openmouthed and a grand opportunity to slide down the brass poles.

After a while I could remain fairly comfortable when a bell went off, because I learned to count the taps and knew the numbers on which we rolled. By about lesson six I had learned to talk such fascinating lingo as "Brosnan distributors," "hose rollers," "fire-escape hooks," "pompions," and "perfection pipe holders."

One balmy summer day our dear teacher had us out in the yard with the company's life net. He was doing his level best to make clear to us that to jump into a life net in a standing position drives your hips up to your ears. It is best to sit on your sit-down. Just as we were being told

how to collect a 250-pound lady who was letting gravity take her down from a third-story window, something quite exciting happened.

"If yiz don't get a correct holt on the net," the lieutenant was saying, "ye'll all be mashed flat. Now, what yiz must do is—"

I never did find out, because the phone rang. A lady (avoiirdupois unknown) had gone crazy with the heat and actually was poised to jump from a third-story window. The regular lads snatched that heavy net and rolled so fast we never saw them go. They got there before she jumped. For my own sake, I do wish I knew how they caught her without being "mashed flat."

Another momentous class was in rope tying. We had several of these and still need plenty more. Each fireman was given a piece of rope and an auxiliary and told to do his level best with him. It is a wonder that the regular who had me didn't either do the Indian rope trick and vanish or hang me or himself. He is easily the most patient man in America.

AFTER having me momentarily master a few knots any Boy Scout can do in his sleep, he showed me the "bowline on the bite." This rope tie, when done by an expert, ends up as a sort of tailor-made suit with four convenient openings into which you carefully insert the arms and legs of the beautiful blonde lady you are saving, before you lower her to the street. Told to apply it to my instructor, I snarled him up in a weaving entirely of my own, from which the late Houdini could not have escaped. Just as I had him trussed in a manner that threatened serious dislocations if he so much as breathed hard, a call came on the bell. In no time at all he shed the rope, was on the truck, and away. Firemen are simply wonderful.

The secret passion of every auxiliary is to drill with a hose charged with water under pumper pressure. Our great chance came on a sunny day in the summer when the big pumper from the engine company next door was run into the back yard and we were shown how to hitch up to it. The big moment, of course, came when the pumps were run up to



Don't jump in a standing position.



Firemen walk in without knocking.



A lot of blubbery noises came out.

150 pounds pressure and the hose was to be aimed at the training building. By sharpening my elbows and using them, I happened to be the man at the nozzle.

This was of the controlling type, with a latch that turns the water on and off. It must be opened and shut very slowly, or the hose will kick violently and burst. With this injunction carefully impressed upon us, I opened the nozzle very slowly and a lot of blubbery noises came out of its business end. Then I felt myself gently levitated for a moment and an awe-inspiring stream of water shot out. The pressure increased and we "advanced the line" at command and aimed for the roof, six stories up. We were all having a perfectly gorgeous time when a cop from the station house next door burst into the yard and yelled:

"Hey, you guys! You're soaking the whole station house and the people on the other side of the street think it's raining!"

The only time I have worked with water under pressure from a pumper since is on the fire-boat drills. There auxiliaries may squirt a perfectly terrific stream from one of the turrets into the river, where no harm is done—a complete fulfillment of boyhood dreams.

A lot of the information received in classes might well fit into a Well-I'll-Be-Darned Department. For example, it is general fire technique to explore for ladies and children in closets, underneath bedclothes and beds. They often hide there, and are generally found dead or very far gone from smoke poisoning. Also, in fires, milady often gets the brilliant notion of filling the tub full of cold water and sitting in it—a procedure which may seem to her the height of safety, but which isn't. This little stunt is the reason why firemen open bathroom doors rudely without knocking.

FIRES in drugstores where many chemicals are stored, and in five-and-dime stores which carry large lines of cheap plastics and synthetics, create poison gases. Firemen dread them. "At my last drugstore fire," a still coughing and red-eyed fireman told me, "I smelled roses, and the

next thing I knew, it was three days later in the hospital."

Firemen are very sensitive about the general public's notion that they are just a happy lot of kids out on a window-smashing spree. They also resent the belief that they do silly things. For instance, the first company arriving at a fire places a twenty-five-foot ladder against the burning building. This looks particularly foolish to spectators when the building is fifteen stories high and the fire is a blazing awning on the fourteenth floor. The ladder is put there to mark the building as the one where the fire is located, so that other responding companies don't have to ask. As one lieutenant told me, "It's a lot easier than painting big red X's on the side of the place."

Sidewalk fire chiefs are critical because a window or so is knocked in, or a roof is opened here and there with a tool like a mammoth can opener, known as a "roof cutter." This operation is known to the trade as "ventilating." The lay critics always point out that it increases the flames and fire because it creates a draft. Certainly it does. "Ventilating" is the creation of a draft to drive out smoke and poison gases so that the atmosphere is cleared, "blind operations" are eliminated, and "darkening" can be brought about before a complete "burn-out" takes place. (You people just don't speak our language.)

And, incidentally, your silly old window is smashed because it's generally too hot to handle, the paint has melted and caused it to stick, and speed is worth far more than a sixty-cent pane of glass.

While I'm at it, this business of chopping up the floor, "pulling down" the ceiling, and generally Hitlerizing the front parlor where there has been a fire is called "overhauling." Firemen don't relish it at all, because it is very hard work. The idea is not to make a shambles of your boudoir but to be sure the fire is out. To leave a fire and then have to be called back to re-put it out is no treat for a fireman. Naturally, he'd wreck your joint to spare himself this—and he does.

Sidewalk fire chiefs criticize firemen for bringing a coil of their own hose with them when they enter a modern

building equipped with a standpipe, with hose on every floor neatly laid out on racks with nozzles attached. Firemen still are finicky enough to drag up their own hose because the lines belonging to the building generally are cheaply made of one-ply cotton and will burst under pressure. They have lain folded and unused since Noah laid the keel for the ark, and on being unfolded are found full not only of holes but also of dead mice, ten-dollar gold pieces, gum wads, old salami sandwiches—not to mention the marbles and jacks that children jam up the nozzle opening.

Our lessons taught us that there is a very good reason for every "silly" thing a fireman does, and the departments have learned it at a cost of agony and lives. After our series of lectures, we were to be graduated. There was to be a happy party with a genuine fire chief handing out certificates. But the Japanese spoiled all that, and we were simply slipped our precious papers and told to keep reporting.

SO you can drop around any drill day anywhere in the country and see us auxiliaries learning by doing. We look a trifle silly in the ragbag clothing we wear, and we do some marvelous damfool things. But they say the "thirty easy lessons" boys in London were the joke of the town until the blitz came. Then they did a very nice job indeed, men and women both—and some of them were given a last solemn one-way ride on the auxiliary's little trailer pumper.

I like what one fire captain said to a puffing group of auxiliaries. They had fuddy-dudded quite well through a morning drill with no more damage than an occasional attack of the pea-greens when they found themselves for the first time high up on an aerial ladder with nothing but city air about them. The captain said:

"Fellers, this is fun. Enjoy it and have a good time. And when the bombs drop and we have to put you out in the streets with us, where it won't be so healthy, always remember that'll be fun, too. You've got to take it that way, or you'll never go through with it. And I know you will."

THE END

CHANNEL PORT

straight stretch of road that meant he was less than ten miles from St. Omer. Driving on a moonless night with only the pale bluish glow of his darkened headlights was the very devil. In another hour he'd be in bed and—he jammed on the brakes, swearing, as he barely missed a dim figure that stood with upraised hand almost in the middle of the road.

"You blasted fool!" Corporal Braufelder bellowed, leaning from the cab

Alone in a land of enemies a secret agent stakes his life in a desperate gamble for victory and for love

**BY LEONARD
LEE**

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

STEPHEN ARMINE, a young American, wanted to join the Royal Air Force but was rejected because of a defect in his eyesight, so he went to work in the Cipher Bureau of the War Office in London. At a near-by desk sat Patricia Wallace, a pretty English girl. Steve rather more than liked her and often the two went out for lunch together.

One day, on their return to the office, Steve was summoned by Sir Emory Davisson, head of British Intelligence. Sir Emory began by telling him how essential it was that England know definitely whether or not the Nazis planned an invasion in the near future. Men had been sent across the Channel to try to find out from British agents in France, but by the time they were able to get back, the news was stale. The only possible way to get the information quickly, said Sir Emory, was for a man to fly to France, descend in a parachute, disguise himself as a member of the Gestapo so he could move freely and get in touch with British agents there; then, when he had all the news he could get, swim back to England. Knowing that Steve had made two almost successful attempts to swim the Channel and could also speak German like a native, British Intelligence decided he was the man for the job.

"Will you do it?" Sir Emory asked and went on to say that air and naval patrols would watch for him, to pick him up, but if for any reason he could not keep to his time schedule and start his swim before dawn on the second day after his arrival in France, he would have to depend entirely on himself.

Steve consented to try. Disguised as a member of the Gestapo, he was flown to France and dropped from the plane in a parachute.

CORPORAL ERNST BRAUFELDER of the Twelfth Engineers swung the wheel of his heavy lorry for the bend, then cursed as the rear wheels skidded on a muddy patch. He straightened out, trod on the accelerator, and breathed a sigh of relief as he recognized the long



as the truck ground to a shuddering stop. "D'you want to get killed? And how dare you halt—"

"Stop yelling, you!" came a cold voice that quieted the corporal abruptly. The figure limped to the side of the truck, yanked open the door.

"Bound for St. Omer?"

Automatically Corporal Braufelder reacted to the tone of authority.

"Yes. But who—"

"Good. Here—get going at once."

A tall young man swung into the cab, shoving a worn leather wallet under the corporal's nose. The soldier stiffened as he made out the printed words on the celluloid-covered card by the hooded light of the dash lamp.

"Zu Befehl, Herr Langenfeld," returned the corporal, shoving the gear lever in with a nervous rasp. "I regret I had no way of recognizing you, sir, and therefore spoke in a manner—"

ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH WARD

The sergeant came into the shop, and never saw Steve's fist as it met his jaw; he slumped forward.

"That's all right, corporal. Get on with it."

The corporal shifted into high and stepped heavily on the throttle; he breathed a sigh of relief at the other's dismissal of the matter—one never knew where one was with these damned Gestapo men. Every Regular Army man hated them—aye, and feared them as well. At least, this one seemed to be busy with his own thoughts.

On the other side of the cab Steve leaned back thankfully, his eyes closed. So far, not too bad. His ankle hurt like the devil, and felt as though it were swelling rapidly within his boot. He'd probably been lucky, at that, he mused, to get off with nothing worse than a ricked ankle, landing from his first parachute jump in pitch blackness in a weed-grown field. His chute was safely hidden, anyway; shoved far into an abandoned culvert he had come across, and masked with brush at both ends.

"Coming into St. Omer, sir." The corporal's voice broke respectfully in on his thoughts. "Where can I take you?"

"Drop me off at the Medical Office."

"Very good, sir."

THE truck roared down deserted streets, turned into the Rue St. Bertin, and pulled up with a grinding of brakes outside a big building. Steve grunted with pain as his stiffening ankle touched the sidewalk.

"Thanks, corporal. And—you've never seen me."

"Very good, sir." The corporal saluted, glad to be rid of a representative of the Gestapo with no more trouble than this. The truck pulled away, and Steve limped slowly up the steps of what had once been the Hôpital Militaire.

"That's a nasty sprain you've got there, Herr Langenfeld," said the doctor a few minutes later. "Take my advice and keep your weight off it for a couple of days—you should really go to bed and rest."

"Impossible," Steve returned curtly. To himself he reflected rather grimly that a rest of a couple of days in this particular spot would probably bring him to everlasting rest without delay. The army doctor, who knew better than to ask embarrassing questions of a member of the Gestapo, set to work with heavy wrappings of adhesive tape.

The clock in the hospital corridor showed just after eleven as Steve, walking more easily now, with only an occasional twinge of pain from his tightly bandaged ankle, came down the steps and turned toward the Grande Place. He moved briskly toward where the doctor had told him headquarters for the district was located. He was surprised that he did not feel the fear he had expected, now that he was about to face his first really dangerous test. In its stead there was a nervous exhilaration, a sense of impending challenge, of high adventure just before him. He remembered, as he came into the Grande

Place, where he'd felt that same way once before: at Oxford, when they'd put him, an American player, in at the last moment to make up the required number on the House Rugby team. And, he thought with a faint smile, all that he'd managed to do that day was to get a hack on the shin and be a total loss to the team. So far, he'd started with a bad ankle in place of a hacked shin. He hoped the parallel would end there.

The Grande Place was empty and shadowed as Steve's footsteps echoed hollowly past the dark windows of the buildings that lined the square. He saw, as he approached a porte-cochere, that the bright gilded sign that had once proclaimed the HOTEL DE FRANCE was gone; in its stead was a painted board over the entrance: KOMMANDANTUR.

Double inner and outer doors swung behind him as he came into a blaze of light and the sound of typewriters and telephones. An armed sentry just within the doors barred his way with a bayoneted rifle.

"Don't you know that civilians may only enter here between noon and four?"

At sight of Steve's credentials the sentry disappeared into an office at the side of the lobby. A moment later he was back.

"Colonel von Norden will see you at once. This way."

Von Norden was heavily built, red-faced under close-cropped grayish hair; the opened collar of his uniform jacket showed a bull neck. Prussian, thought Steve the moment he entered the room, and cursed inwardly.

"Colonel von Norden?"

"Yes?"

"My credentials."

THE other scanned the identification card and tossed the wallet back; his eyes were coldly opaque.

"Well?"

"I have been sent, colonel, to find out why two trains carrying munitions by night to the guns at Gris-Nez were bombed near here in the last month."

"Obviously because the British planes saw them."

It was evident that the colonel was refraining only with the greatest difficulty from being even more sarcastic.

"Perhaps, colonel. And perhaps not. My superiors think there may be something more to it than mere chance."

"Spies, I suppose? Bah!"

"And what makes you so certain that it could not be the work of spies, Colonel von Norden?"

"Because I caught one Frenchman trying to signal to the British planes! And I shot him and every man over eighteen in his family as an example! There's no spying going on in my district!"

"We hope not, colonel. But we make it our business to be certain."

"Well? What do you want from me?"

"My superiors believe, from certain information we have received, that

any such activity must be among a small group of employees of the railroad, probably those employed in the freight yards as switchmen. I wish to question and cross-examine all such men. If I do not find the man we are seeking, I intend to follow a somewhat similar course at Boulogne and Calais."

"Bah!" snapped the colonel. "You won't find a thing on such a wild-goose chase!"

Steve leaned across the desk; the only way to treat a Prussian was to make him afraid.

"Do you wish me to report that as your official answer, colonel?"

The other swallowed, fighting to keep back his rage; the muscles were tight on his jawbone.

"You may search till you're blue in the face, Herr Langenfeld. What co-operation will you require?"

"I want every railroad switchman on the night shift sent here to me tonight, one after another. I shall require a room here to interview them, and in the morning I shall need a car and driver. My idiot of a driver smashed up my car, broke the axle, and left me with a sprained ankle ten miles from here earlier tonight. As a matter of fact, I had it treated at the hospital before I saw you."

"And your own car? Shall we send out for it?"

"Not necessary, colonel. Perhaps a night on the road may teach my driver a little more care the next time."

Steve held his breath; if the other insisted on sending after the non-existent car that was supposed to be wrecked on the road, and the report came back that there was no trace of a car there—

"Very well," the colonel was saying. Steve hoped his face did not show his relief. "Is there anything further?"

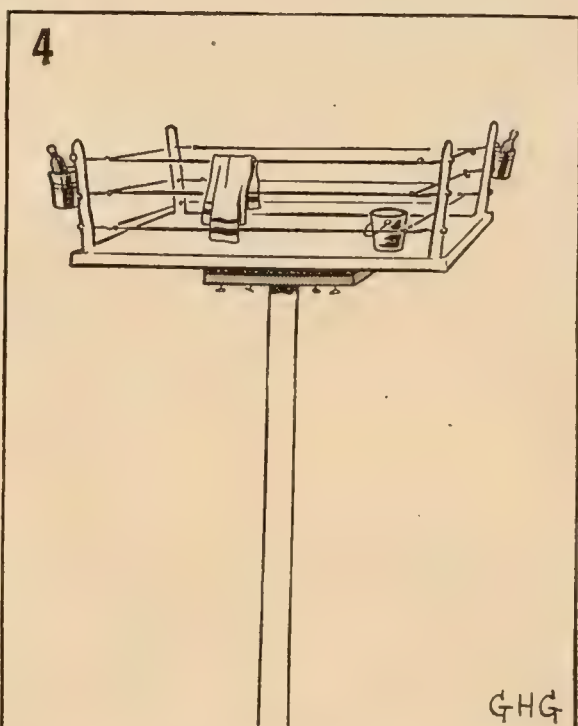
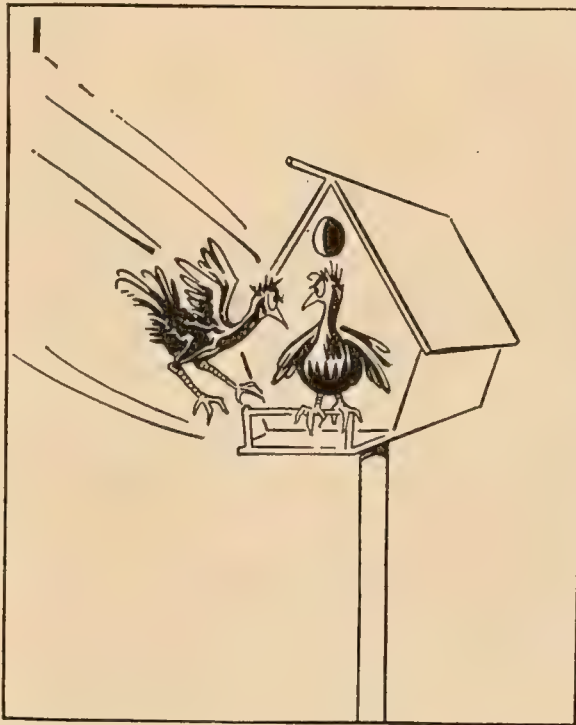
Steve shook his head, and the colonel pressed a button. A young lieutenant entered an instant later.

"Lieutenant, see to it that Herr Langenfeld is given a room here in headquarters. All switchmen employed in the railroad yards at night are to be sent for and brought to him for questioning. In the morning a car and driver at his disposal, if he still wishes them."

The lieutenant saluted and turned to go. Just as he reached the door:

"Notify Gestapo Headquarters in Paris of Herr Langenfeld's arrival in our district," the colonel added casually. Steve thanked his stars that he had an instant to regain his normal

BY GEO. HAMILTON GREEN



GHG

expression ere the colonel turned to him. "We'll telephone them in the morning. Just give Lieutenant Koenig your identification number, if you please."

Steve nodded, his mind in a whirl as he strove to keep his face blank.

"Thank you, colonel. Good night. Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler!"

STEVE glanced at his watch as Lieutenant Koenig wearily opened the door to admit the seventeenth switchman for questioning; five thirty—something over three hours left before they'd be telephoning Paris. He did not allow his mind to dwell on fruitless speculation regarding how many minutes or hours it would take before the message came back that he was a spy. He frowned at the stolid overalled Frenchman facing him, twisting his cap slowly in dirty hands. "Your name?" Steve snapped in French.

"Aristide Castin, monsieur. But why have I been brought here from my job?"

"Silence! I ask the questions here!" he barked.

The man stared sullenly at Steve from deep-set eyes under thick black brows.

"What is your work?"

"Switchman, monsieur."

Half a dozen routine questions followed; then, as though idly, Steve began drumming rhythmically with one hand on the table's edge as he continued the examination.

"What is your day off?"

"Thursday, monsieur."

"And how do you spend your free time?"

The Frenchman's eyes were fixed on Steve's hand; his voice did not change as he answered:

"I go walking, monsieur."

"And how fast do you walk?"

The other hesitated for an instant, as though listening to those tapping fingers. When he spoke, his voice was pitched so low that Steve had to lean forward to hear him.

"Sometimes four miles an hour, monsieur. At other times two—or perhaps none, when I sit and admire the view—and then, again, sometimes as much as five."

"Four—two—naught—five," Steve repeated barely above a whisper; he stopped drumming. His hand lay on the edge of the table.

"My number," Steve said softly, and extended three fingers, then two, then three again; he smiled up at the other.

"Three hundred twenty-three," said Castin, and the deep-set eyes flashed fire for a moment.

"Make it fast, Castin," Steve whispered, glancing at the door. "You mustn't be here more than ten minutes—I took that long over each of the genuine ones."

The other spoke with the speedy accuracy of the trained military observer.

"In the past ten days nine of their biggest railway guns have been taken from the coast to be rebored at the

factories. It will take at least six weeks before they are returned. Eleven trainloads of troops have been given leave, and their replacements are *Landwehr*—no storm troops or shock battalions. Gasoline shipments are less than half of last fall's tankage to Calais. Ammunition trains have been no more than normal. The locomotive repair shops at Audruicq are working only one eight-hour shift a day—which would be ridiculous if they were preparing for any increase in traffic in the next two months. The conclusion is inevitable that there are no preparations for invasion for at least eight weeks—probably longer."

Every word was burned into Steve's mind as he rose, held out his hand.

"Fine work, Castin. Good luck."

The Frenchman gripped his hand without answering, turned toward the door and was gone. The lieutenant sent in the next man, and automatically Steve launched into his routine of questions. Inwardly he was on fire with impatience to get out and started for Calais, but he realized that he must take the same time over each of the seven real switchmen who remained as he had with the first innocent sixteen. Once the Gestapo learned that Steve was a spy, there could be nothing to make Castin's interview stand out from the others; he would be in sufficient peril without that added jeopardy.

Another precious hour had passed before Steve could summon Lieutenant Koenig as the last man left the room.

"I have been unable to verify my suspicions, lieutenant, a fact which

★ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ★ by Donald Gordon

BRIGHT TO THE WANDERER, by Bruce Lancaster.

Historical novels are common enough, and readers of *Guns of Burgoyne* know that Lancaster can write a good one, lure 'em from page to page with the best. But in one respect this new one is downright rare, for its background is Canada after our Revolution. "American" history, as taught in the United States commonly, mentions the people of the great regions north only in reporting the War of 1812 and as the terminus of the Underground Railroad where Uncle Tom's escaping friends dived across the border.

This story covers the brewing of the Canadian civil war which culminated in 1837 with armed rebellion against the oppressively ruling oligarchy, sinecure holders through the London-appointed lieutenant general, who made a very good thing of it indeed. The gran'pa of the present Premier led the revolt.

Readers see it all through the personalities and activities of the numerous Stenrood family whose men were liberals of various degree. Young Gil, of course, threw over his medical studies to be in the thick of it. His martial adventures swing the movement while history is imparted painlessly. His fiancée, the sweet Sandra, keeps appearing in unexpected places to surprise him and the reader, but that won't bother you a bit. (Little, Brown & Co.)

will doubtless gratify Colonel von Norden. I wish to leave for Calais at once."

"Without breakfast, Herr Langenfeld? It's quarter of seven now."

"At once, lieutenant."

"Very good, sir. I've given orders for a car and driver to stand by—I'll have them at the door in three minutes."

"Thank you."

The lieutenant was as good as his word. A long field-gray open car, with a uniformed sergeant at the wheel, was at the curb as Steve came out into the bright sunshine of early morning. The sergeant snapped to salute and swung open the door.

"Good-by, lieutenant. You've been most helpful," nodded Steve as he moved to the seat beside the driver.

"Thank you, Herr Langenfeld. But—one moment, please. You recall that the colonel wished me to phone your identification number to headquarters in Paris with the morning report? May I trouble you for your card?"

There was nothing for it but to offer it, and Steve even managed a faint smile as Lieutenant Koenig, having jotted down the number, handed it back with a deprecatory "Just a formality, of course."

"Of course," said Steve, and turned to the driver. "Calais—and make speed."

TWENTY-FIVE miles and thirty-six minutes later they swung past the Gare des Fontinettes in Calais. Originally Steve had hoped to keep his driver in ignorance of his exact destination, by having him stop at some convenient place in the town and there rejoining the car when his work was finished. But Colonel von Norden had made all that impossible; speed was now the first requirement, speed that would let him complete his mission before the alarm was given.

At Steve's direction the car cut through twisting back streets toward the water front. Sentries were on every corner, but the official car and the driver's uniform saved them from challenge and delay. Seven forty, Steve noted with a quick glance at the clock on the dash, and offered up a fervent inner prayer that the proprietor of the Brasserie Maritime insisted on his waiters being on duty early in the morning.

The proprietor did. He was also a believer in quick service, with the result that Steve found himself, a few moments later, seated in a far corner of the café, drinking an abominable mixture that libeled the name of coffee. The table was in a gloomy corner, not nearly as attractive as those in the sunshine outside, but Steve had not taken it by accident. He beckoned the waiter standing near by.

"You call this coffee?" Steve asked.

The waiter shrugged disinterestedly; obviously the complaints of a German patron did not worry him overmuch.

"It's the best we can do, sir."

"I think you could do better," Steve returned, letting his voice drop as he glanced around to make sure they could not be overheard; his fingers started to drum on the table's zinc top.



"Now let's sing some of the songs you sing when you're alone."

"How many spoonfuls of coffee do you use in each pot?"

The waiter answered softly, his eyes on Steve's tapping fingers:

"Sometimes seven, or six—or only three, if supplies are scarce."

Steve's fingers moved on the table's edge—three, two, three—and the waiter leaned closer, apparently mopping the table top.

"They haven't built any new barges for six weeks—and they've stopped repairing the ones that get bombed. Over two thousand experienced sailors have been returned for duty at Lorient. Everything points absolutely against invasion." He raised his voice. "I'm sorry the coffee is not satisfactory, monsieur."

Steve nodded as the proprietor approached, rose, and dropped a coin on the table; the waiter bowed slightly as he passed.

"Good day, monsieur."

"Good day. And—thank you."

THE clock in the steeple of St. Nicolas' Church was striking nine as they swung left-handed into the Rue Adolphe Thiers, where stood the best shops of Boulogne. Most of the windows were empty now, Steve noticed as they drove past, mute testimony to the thoroughness with which the Germans had "bought out" their stocks. As they approached the Place Dalton he turned to the driver.

"Stop here."

The car pulled to the curb and he walked quickly toward the Librairie Phillippe. Time was getting short—by now St. Omer must have telephoned Paris. And he had two men still to see here in Boulogne before his job was finished—even though he was now

certain that their evidence would only confirm that which he already had.

The light was dim in the interior of the Librairie Phillippe; it was several seconds before Steve made out, moving leisurely toward him between the rows of books and magazines and stationery that crowded the little shop, a stocky figure. As the other came closer he saw sharp black eyes set in a heavy-jowled face surmounting a dirty green velveteen jacket.

"M. Phillippe?"

The heavy-set figure nodded briskly.

"What can I do for you, monsieur?"

"I'm in search of a certain book to complete a set of reference atlases, and I was told I might find it here."

As he spoke, Steve started his rhythmic drumming on the edge of a stack of books; the other paid no attention.

"Perhaps I can help you, sir. The book you desire is—?"

Impatiently Steve rapped out the signal of recognition again, wondering why the devil M. Phillippe was so slow on the uptake.

"It's the volume concerning northern Africa," he improvised hastily, "in the series published by the Bibliothèque Nationale. I have all the others."

"Well, let's see, let's see," returned the bookseller, and made his way to the shelves at one side.

Disquiet grew in Steve's mind as he stood waiting. Why didn't the other recognize the signal? There was something wrong here, something that warned him to be on guard.

"Sorry," said Phillippe, shuffling down the crowded aisles. "Haven't got it. If you care to leave your name I'll let you know if it turns up—"

"Are you absolutely certain?" Steve asked in desperation, his fingers again busy drumming out the signal while his mind sought the answer. "I was told that M. Phillippe's shop was one place where I could be sure of finding what I'm searching for."

It seemed to Steve that the sharp black eyes narrowed for an instant in the dim light of the shop.

"Perhaps I can find it," the bookseller declared with surprising suddenness. "I may have it in back. Wait till I make a more thorough search, monsieur."

He turned away, and on the instant Steve's sharpened nerves told him with absolute certainty that this was not the man he sought. What had happened to M. Phillippe he did not know, but this man was not what he pretended to be. Quickly, but with desperate care to make no sound, Steve made his way to the back of the shop where the man in the velveteen jacket had vanished.

HE peered cautiously around a wooden partition to find himself looking into a cubicle that evidently did duty as an office. The bookseller, his back to Steve, was just picking up the telephone that stood on the littered desk.

"Boulogne 827—priority call," he whispered urgently.

Steve's last doubts vanished with the words. "M. Phillippe" was speaking perfect German.

Plans flashed half formulated through Steve's mind in the few seconds that he stood breathless, waiting for the other's connection to be completed. He could take a chance on knocking him out—but the call would be traced and the Germans would be on his trail in a matter of minutes. And if he simply tiptoed out and was away in his car before "Phillippe" was finished—no, they'd head him off before he could get out of Boulogne. And besides, now that he was certain that the real Phillippe must have been taken as a spy, it became even more imperative to make his one remaining contact in Boulogne.

"Headquarters?" Steve stood listening as the other spoke hurriedly in a barely audible voice. "This is Hoffman—in the bookshop. I think some one's walked into our trap—a fellow who insisted in the strangest manner about a book—"

Steve never knew where the inspiration came from; it sprang full blown into his mind, and he acted on it without asking whether his subconscious mind or the gods had sent it. He took one long step forward, bringing him fully into the cubicle, and, even as the man at the phone looked up in sudden fright, Steve's fist crashed against his jaw with all the force he could put behind it. The heavy head snapped back and then lolled drunkenly onto the shoulder of the green velveteen jacket. Steve grabbed up the phone.

"Hello!" he said hurriedly in German, thanking his stars that one whispering voice sounded much like

another. "Hello! We must have been disconnected."

"Well?" came in impatient official tones from the receiver.

"This fellow's about six feet two—fair hair—wearing a dark blue suit with a blue knitted necktie, and a black soft hat with a blue feather—"

"God in heaven!" The voice was triumphant at recognition of Steve's description of himself. "A general alarm came through on the teletype from Paris not ten minutes ago! He's a spy! Masquerading as one of our own men! Is he still there?"

"He left not three minutes ago, sir—I didn't dare rouse his suspicions by—"

"Damn! Which way did he go?"

"Straight down the Grande Rue toward St. John's Church—"

"By car?"

"On foot. His car's still outside."

"Good! Follow him, if you can still pick him up. We'll have the district surrounded and grab him within ten minutes! There'll be a promotion for you over this, Hoffman!"

"Thank you, sir!" Steve returned, but the line had gone dead.

He had no time to spare in self-congratulation over the inspiration which had enabled him to learn that they had penetrated his disguise. At least he had a few minutes of grace, now that he had started the search for a man on foot in the direction precisely opposite to that in which his mission lay. Quickly he lashed and gagged the still unconscious Hoffman with ropes ripped hurriedly from some parcels of books, and dragged him into a corner of the shop. No sense in leaving him near the telephone even though he was unconscious and bound.

"Sergeant!" called Steve, and the driver of his car straightened at the wheel. "Come here a minute!"

The sergeant came through the door into the dim interior of the shop, and never saw Steve's fist as it met his jaw; he slumped forward, and before the body had touched the floor Steve was tearing off the unconscious man's uniform jacket.

It was less than three minutes later that a sergeant, whose uniform seemed strangely short at wrists and ankles, came quickly out of the Librairie Phillippe, crossed the pavement to an official car standing at the curb, and stepped on the starter. He swung the wheel, the car made a U turn, and shot up the Rue Adolphe Thiers, passing and leaving behind it several trucks, laden with soldiers, that were speeding toward the Grande Rue, apparently on urgent business.

A long, slow grin began to spread over the "sergeant's" face as he jammed the accelerator all the way down.

THIRTY minutes had gone by since Steve had left the bookshop; of these not more than five had been spent in locating the small boat yard, a couple of miles north of Boulogne proper, where worked the last of the men Steve had to see. His report had been brief and in full confirmation of

the others; his yard, formerly working day and night under German supervision on barge construction, was empty and idle.

Steve thanked his stars that his bicycle had once blown a tire near the little town of Marquise; if it had not been for that minor accident, which he and Terry Phillips had cursed heartily at the time, he might never have known the side road, little better than a cart track, up which he was now driving. By now, he knew, the alarm must be out for the car he had stolen. He had detoured around Wimereux, the only sizable town he had had to pass since leaving Boulogne.

The car bumped and rocked, banging heavily down onto its springs, as Steve forced it on at the fastest pace he could maintain without being jolted completely out of the seat. The abandoned and water-filled marble quarry, where he and Terry had taken a swim that hot August afternoon, must come into sight at any moment. He was sure of his road—he heaved a sigh of relief as the quarry came into view.

NO one was on the road; he slid the car into low gear, opening the door beside him. He pulled out the hand throttle to make certain she would not stall, and headed for the lip of the quarry. The car was within ten feet of the edge as he half jumped, half rolled from behind the wheel, sprawling on the grass as the car swept past, seemed to hesitate at the brink for an instant, and then plunged downward and out of sight with a crashing splash that startled an indignant flock of birds from the nearby trees.

Steve rose to his feet, conscious again of pain in the ankle he had twisted the night before. He limped to the edge of the quarry and looked down at the ripples still moving below.

No one would see the car under that dark water till it was too late to matter. He turned and started away, moving slowly, not because of the steady throbbing of his ankle, but because his mind was busy with his problem.

It was about seven miles to Cape Gris-Nez, the nearest spot of land to England. The town of Wissant lay on the way, near the coast, but towns were something he must avoid. From the photographs taken by the R. A. F., that Sir Emory had shown him, he knew that it would be utterly impossible for him to get safely into the waters of the Channel by day. This whole coast was a mass of barbed wire, of machine guns, of heavy artillery. He must mark time, anyway, to leave at 4 A. M. on the morrow—June twenty. He must wait, with the certain knowledge that patrols would be searching every yard of the area for him—and four o'clock of the morning of the twentieth was more than eighteen hours away.

He was moving down a lane that led in the general direction of Wissant, so absorbed in his own thoughts that he realized his danger almost too late. There were no patrols about on the land within his vision. But he had not thought to reckon with a search in the air over his head. Had not thought until—with a savage roar—the airplanes seemed actually upon him.

With one quick desperate glance to the south, from whence the roar of motors came, he hurled himself to the ground, sprawled flat against the hedge that ran along the lane.

Motionless he lay there, and prayed, briefly, that he had not been seen.

Can Steve escape the Nazi dragnet in time to start his swim at four the next morning? What new dangers lie ahead? Next week's chapter brings this thrilling war story to an end.

QUESTIONS

Dr. Gregory Pinquetea, our question tester, missed seven—Nos. 3, 6, 10, 14, 17, 18, and 20. Count double if you get these right.

1—Lady Peel is better known to Americans by what name?

2—What was the "philosophers' stone" and what power was it said to possess?

3—What American is known as the "Father of Contract Bridge"?

4—How much would a draftee stationed in Los Angeles pay in postage if for thirty days he sent by regular mail a letter to twenty girl friends in New York?

5—Does the crow deserve its reputation of always flying in a straight line?

6—Where's a ship's quarter-deck?

7—What important event occurred on June 14, 1777?

8—Why do we call them "cowpunchers"?

9—Where is "the most bombed spot on earth"?

10—General Andrew Jackson, later President, was known as "Old Hickory" because he was so tough. What President was known as "Young Hickory," and why?

11—What nymph in Greek mythology, said to have pined away for love of Narcissus, became only a voice?

12—Is Switzerland's capital Bern, Geneva, Zurich, or Lausanne?

13—"Getting down to brass tacks," what were the tacks and where located?

14—What and where are the Maritime Provinces?

15—What is the "Navy E," and who tries to win it?

16—Can you give two other names used to describe the Civil War?

17—Did Gideon's Band play music, and if not, what was it and what did it do?

18—An ant lived through a geologic era; another through a decade; a third through a millennium. Which lived the longest?

19—What famous line passes through Ecuador?

20—Her literary career started in 1900. She wrote children's stories, jingles, humorous verse, but was most famous for detective stories. She died recently. What was her name?

(Answers will be found on page 44)

HOLLYWOOD MIRACLE MAN

The joyous saga of Cecil B. De Mille



BY FREDERICK
VAN RYN

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

A STOCKILY built man, of medium height, dashed up a long flight of stairs leading to a wooden platform, covered the distance separating him from the public address system in two seconds flat, came to a stop in front of the mike, surveyed his audience of some five hundred stars, starlets, extras, electricians, and stagehands, and then, after what seemed like centuries of suspense, opened his mouth and let the epithets fly.

His immaculate white sports shirt, beautifully tailored breeches, and very high boots suggested a polo player rather than a motion-picture director, but his gift of invective left no doubt as to his identity. Only two men in modern history could have delivered that unrehearsed and unprepared oration—Huey P. Long and Cecil B. De Mille. But Mr. Long was dead.

Cecil B. DeMille and the Lux Radio Theater are heard every Monday night over the Columbia Broadcasting System at 9 P. M., EWT.



De Mille, standing at right, chats with Samuel Goldwyn and Mrs. De Mille.

So it could only have been the formidable C. B.

He minced no words in describing his anguish, nay, his despair, at the sight of so much pigheadedness gathered on a single motion-picture lot. He recalled the existence of his five-year-old grandson, and admitted cheerfully that he would shoot him without a moment's hesitation if he became convinced that the dear lad was as hopeless a half-wit as the grown-ups he was addressing now. He pointed out that at the rate they were progressing (or should he say

"retrogressing"?) that morning, it was certain that, come 1945, they would still be wasting his good money and their wretched time.

The warm-up period over, he was about to fire the first real salvo when his eagle eye fell on a young little thing standing in the rear of the crowd. It seemed to him—he hoped he was wrong—that he had caught her in the heinous act of whispering in the ear of a girl by her side. He stopped short. He made a few steps backward. He studied the gorgeously polished boots that would have glad-

dened the heart of the hardest taskmaster in the United States cavalry. He shook his head as if trying to convince himself that the whole tragic episode was only a bad dream. He groaned, and then he spoke up again.

"Young lady," he said. "Yes, I mean you, way back there in the green dress. Come here at once."

The poor little thing blinked, trembled, looked helplessly at her neighbors, then started making her way slowly through the crowd. With the burning eyes of the Great Inquisitor still riveted on her bloodless face, she arrived at her grim destination.

"Young lady," he thundered in a voice that the millions who tune in each Monday night on the Lux Radio Theater program would never have recognized as that of their velvety master of ceremonies, "I hate to inconvenience you, but the trouble is, I am so stupid and inefficient that I can't talk and listen at the same time. So go to the mike and repeat for the benefit of all of us the supremely important message that you simply had to transmit to your girl friend."

The girl sighed. She was ready to break into tears when something, probably Mr. De Mille's warlike boots, made her realize that hers, after all, was a race of fighters.

"Do you really want me to repeat what I said?" she queried, half tremblingly, half challengingly.

"I certainly do."

"Every single word?"

"Every single word."

"Very well," said the girl. "I said, 'I wish to heaven the old louse would stop gabbing and let us have lunch.'"

For a split second Mr. De Mille remained motionless. Then (he must have realized that even the magician whose sixty-six supercolossal epics



The De Mille house in Laughlin Park, an exclusive Hollywood residential section.

had grossed fifty-five million dollars for Paramount could not possibly hope to top that heartfelt remark) he raised his right hand stiffly and said, "Company dismissed for lunch."

P.S. The girl was not fired.

AND now that we have had our first glimpse of the only man in the history of the motion-picture industry who succeeded in defying time and tide and the law of gravity, let us follow him around the clock.

It's 7 A. M. The rambling old-fashioned house where the creator of The Ten Commandments has lived and dreamed and raved for the past twenty-four years is awake. It's really two houses connected by a long glass-enclosed passageway. One of them is used as De Mille's personal quarters, the other as offices.

C. B. is up. The sounds coming from his part of the building indicate that a free-for-all fight is taking place in the great man's bedroom, but the servants are not worried. They know that all that racket and commotion and bang-bang simply means that the master is exercising. So fantastic are the paraphernalia De Mille uses for his morning calisthenics that no one, not even the editors of the Britannica, would be up to the task of describing them. Those specially designed gadgets defy the most flamboyant imagination—but obviously they work. At sixty, having spent a life the like of which

few humans have led, De Mille does not look a day older than forty-seven and has more vitality and energy than the average man of thirty. He thinks nothing of rowing for ten or twelve miles at a stretch and his idea of a pleasant walk is anywhere from five to twenty miles.

The clock strikes eight. His breakfast consumed and his newspapers read, De Mille is ready for action. He walks down the long glass-enclosed passageway briskly and bids a cheerful good morning to Gladys Rosson, a quiet and extremely efficient lady who has acted as his private secretary since 1915, and who smiles tolerantly whenever she hears outsiders say that her boss is hell on wheels. Not unlike all other people who know De Mille really well, she feels that at least ninety-five per cent of his fantastic outbursts is an "act."

C. B. settles at a huge desk and tackles his mail. It covers a great variety of subjects, mostly financial. One of the richest men in the industry, he has invested his money wisely. He owns real estate, has considerable holdings in oil companies, and until recently acted as vice-president of the Bank of America. "Acted" is right; he has never consented to be a dummy. The heads of the Bank of America discovered at the very outset of their relations with De Mille that when he accepted the vice-presidency he meant that no one was to interfere



De Mille directed Claudette Colbert in Cleopatra.



On the set, he's a superb showman.



He directs a weekly show on the air.



Colbert takes instruction from De Mille on how to handle the asp in Cleopatra.

with the running of the branch of the bank entrusted to him.

There is nothing la-di-da or eccentric about the way De Mille conducts his business affairs. He reaches clear-cut decisions and never postpones answering the letters from his partners, agents, and lawyers. When once in a blue moon he hesitates and asks Miss Rosson, "What do you think of it?" she knows better than to answer, "Well, Mr. De Mille, I guess—" Nothing irritates De Mille more than that "I guess" business. "I can guess myself!" he roars at the offending party. "I want your opinion. I don't give a damn about your guesses!"

It's eight thirty by now. Time to go to the studio. Before climbing into his car, a none too prepossessing affair the like of which he wouldn't dream of tolerating in even his least expensive picture, he casts an uneasy glance at the house across the street. W. C. Fields lives there, and De Mille has long since given up trying to analyze his neighbor's behavior. Why, for instance, should that man insist, this morning when it's raining cats and dogs, on sitting on his lawn, clad in silk pajamas and hiding under a tiny umbrella not large enough to protect even his nose?

SOME students of the Hollywood scene claim Fields gets no thrill at all out of being drenched but that he cannot resist the temptation of sowing a few seeds of confusion in De Mille's orderly mind. Be that as it may, so far apart are the two men, physically, emotionally, mentally, that they should have been separated by the whole width of the African continent rather than by a narrow street. In his capacity as air warden of the district, De Mille is compelled once in a while to ring the bell of the Fields house and point out to its inhabitants that the alarm has sounded and that they must fill their bathtubs, turn out all lights, and so on. He confesses that he would just as soon endeavor to explain relativity to a herd of seals.

It's only a few miles from C. B.'s house to Paramount, but the man who alights at the studio gate ten minutes later has nothing in common with the

man we watched dictating letters to Miss Rosson. Exit De Mille the financier. Enter De Mille the showman. His very appearance undergoes a drastic change. Those blue-gray eyes that conveyed kindness and shrewdness only ten short minutes before are throwing sparks of defiant impatience now. He runs, not walks, to his office on the lot. The heels of his high boots thud ominously, and the assistant who came to report on "work in progress" knows that he's in for a severe tongue-lashing.

Sam Wood, the man who achieved what amounts to immortality in Hollywood by directing *Goodbye Mr. Chips* and *Kitty Foyle*, used to work as De Mille's assistant years ago. He still shakes with laughter when he thinks of those early-morning conferences with his boss. He remembers that historic day when De Mille said to him, "Do you realize, Sam, that in our next scene we must have a leopard?"

"Oh, sure," replied Wood. "I thought of it last night and I got hold of a fine-looking stuffed one."

"A stuffed leopard!" cried De Mille. "A stuffed leopard in *my* picture!"

It was as if Wood had suggested to him that he should desecrate the flag or choke his mother. When De Mille finally regained his powers of speech, he said in a tone in which one would

order a sandwich from a very stupid waiter, "I want a three-year-old leopard—and not too spotted."

"A three-year-old leopard—not too spotted," repeated Wood. "Where do I find it, C. B.?"

"Mr. Wood," said De Mille sternly, "you seem to forget that you are the assistant director on this picture, not I. It's your business to know where to find a piece of stage property."

"Yes, sir," said Wood meekly.

THE people at the Los Angeles Zoo to whom he stated De Mille's specifications said that the only leopard they had for sale was nine years old and spotted as all hell.

"He'll do," decided Wood.

He telephoned De Mille and announced he had found just the thing.

"How old is it?" asked De Mille.

"They celebrated his third birthday last Tuesday," said Wood.

"How about spots?"

"C. B.," said Wood, "I never thought I'd live to see a leopard that had less spots than this one."

The transaction completed, Wood found himself in possession, but alas not in control, of a vicious-looking animal that seemed to hate all mammals, particularly those connected with the motion-picture industry. When the late Thomas Meighan, who was playing in the picture, took one look at the leopard, he locked himself in his dressing room and said he would not return to the set unless and until something was done to protect him against the attacks of that "foul beast."

"Mr. Wood," asked De Mille, "what do you propose to do about it? It's your job, you know. I handle the actors; my assistant is supposed to handle the minor details of the production."

"Yes, sir," said Wood. For a moment he toyed with the idea of giving up the motion-picture business and telling De Mille where he got off, but then he thought better of it. He was not going to admit defeat. Come hell or high water, he was going to prove to that blankety-blank leopard that the assistant director *was* in charge of all minor details of the production.

He went across the street to the



With his secretary, Gladys Rosson.



In the projection room at his home.

studio's drugstore, and came back carrying a sponge and a huge bottle of chloroform. The first thing the leopard knew, he was asleep—sufficiently so to reassure Meighan.

Unfortunately for all parties concerned, however, De Mille was in an inventive mood that day. He was looking for a new camera angle and was not prepared to shoot the scene until he found one. The new camera angle was yet to be found when the leopard awoke, emitted one ferocious snarl, and leaped forward.

"Mr. Wood," cried De Mille, "I cannot tolerate this disturbance! Stop that cat at once!"

"Yes, sir," said Wood.

Two bottles of chloroform and several deep scratches later, he finally managed to prove to the cat that a leopard, while perhaps one of the kings of the jungle in Africa, was only a minor detail in Hollywood.

There was no Sam Wood around when De Mille was shooting Cleopatra with Claudette Colbert. When it came to the famous suicide scene, C. B.'s assistant frankly confessed that he was not up to the task of persuading Miss Colbert to handle the deadly asp.

"Very well," said the benevolent tyrant; "I'll do the persuading."

WHEN the great moment arrived and Cleopatra was properly installed on the golden throne of the Pharaohs, De Mille walked straight up to her with a six-foot-long live California king snake coiled around his right arm. Behind his back in his left hand, he held the diminutive snake that was to enact the role of the asp.

"No, no, no!" shrieked Colbert. "I wouldn't dream of touching that horrible thing. I wouldn't do it for a billion dollars!"

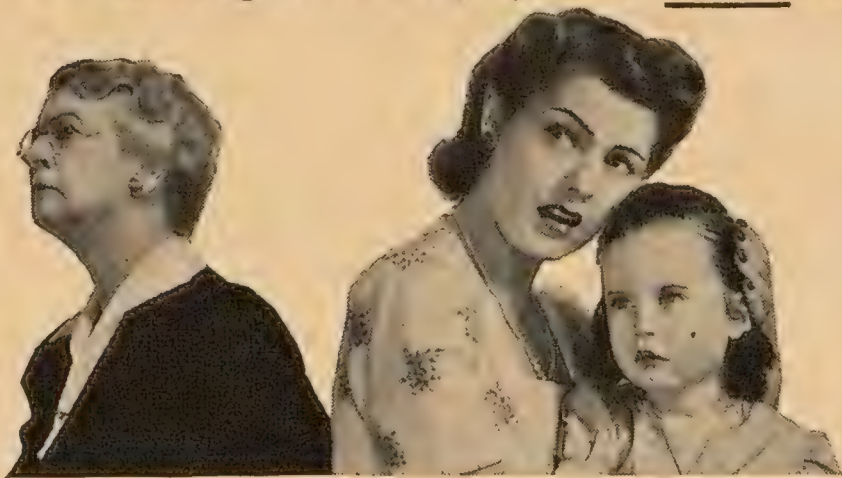
"Then how about this one?" suggested De Mille, producing the little snake.

"Oh, that's different," cooed Colbert. "Why, this one is just a baby." And without further to-do she grabbed the little fellow out of De Mille's hand as if afraid that he might change his mind and insist on her handling the lengthy king snake.



with Adolph Zukor, of Paramount Pictures.

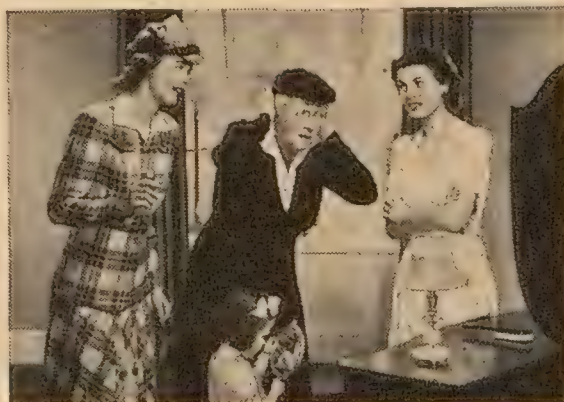
"All right, don't listen to mother ... bring her up your own way!"



1. When my mother starts acting like a martyr—whe! Of course we'd rather she didn't have to live with us, but we really don't mind it. Except when she interferes with Tinker...



2. So I blew up and said that using force was wrong. I said she'd simply *have* to let me bring Tinker up my own way. Mother got "hurt" and everything was awful till my eldest sister came. She's married to a doctor.



4. "Doctor Joe says Fletcher's Castoria is gentle and safe—yet thorough. It clears away waste *almost naturally*, by gently stimulating muscular movement. And it isn't griping. Let's go get a bottle."



6. It doesn't upset a child's stomach, he said, for senna works mostly in the lower bowel... works *easily*, gently—in about 8 to 12 hours, so it doesn't interfere with sleep. Then he suggested I try Fletcher's Castoria in the economy Family-Size Bottle.

One day Tinker needed a laxative. I said I'd give her a treat if she took it without any fuss (she hates the taste), when Mother broke in, "You're spoiling her. I'd *make* her take it."



3. "You're quite right, Peg," my sister said. "Forcing a laxative on a child can upset her entire system. Doctor Joe recommends Fletcher's Castoria. You see, it's *made* for children. *Especially* the taste. They love it."



5. The druggist recommended Fletcher's Castoria, too. He said its chief ingredient is senna, an ingredient officially recognized in the Pharmacopeia of the United States. Senna, he added, is not harmful or habit-forming.



7. Sure enough. Tinker *loved* the taste of Fletcher's Castoria. It worked like a charm. So, mother and I *both* admitted we'd been wrong, and haven't argued since.

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

Stars and assistant directors are not the only ones who suffer because of De Mille's passion for realistic touches and correct details. Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky, then the heads of Paramount, used to spend sleepless nights wondering what new extravagant request would be made by their prize director. Their fears were well founded. One day he would insist that an authentic set of armor had to be provided for each and every player appearing in *Joan the Woman*, a picture based on the life of Joan of Arc. The next day, without batting an eyelash, he would spend fifteen hundred dollars on a chinchilla-trimmed nightgown not even to be worn but simply dragged across the floor by Gloria Swanson in a short sequence in one of her films. When the New York office remonstrated with him about that particular expenditure and mentioned something about what their bankers would say, De Mille was genuinely surprised.

"Why," he said, "don't you realize that that fifteen-hundred-dollar nightgown would mean at least a hundred and fifty thousand dollars more in the box office?"

Amazingly enough, he was right. So great was the impression made by the nightgown on the housewives of America that several newspapers burst forth with indignant editorials about it and the picture grossed a quarter of a million more than was expected.

WHEN a year later New York found out that the irrepressible C. B. was shopping for royal brocade, to the tune of two hundred dollars per yard, for the costumes to be used in his forthcoming picture, no one dared argue; but one brave soul did gather enough courage to ask, "How will the customers know if it's real brocade at two hundred dollars a yard or a cheap substitute at two dollars a yard?"

"Ah," smiled De Mille, "the customers won't know, but my actors and actresses will. Can you imagine a woman star wearing some three thousand dollars' worth of brocade on her person and not giving the best performance of her life? That's why I always use real orchids in my pictures. They cost seven fifty apiece, but they're worth it. It does something even to a dumb gal playing a bit when you hand her a corsage for which she knows the company paid thirty or forty dollars."

New York remained speechless. So, on top of everything, that man was buying real orchids even for the extra players! And at forty dollars a corsage, too!

A master and a slave of detail, a hard-hitting perfectionist and a blue-eyed daydreamer, De Mille spends more time and money on research than any other producer or director under the sun. Prior to shooting *The Buccaneer*, a picture dealing with New Orleans during the War of 1812, he went all over Louisiana gathering books, diaries, photographs, and so

on. His files show that the sum of \$110,000 was invested in that scientific expedition. By the time De Mille was ready to proceed with the picture itself, he could have written a twelve-volume treatise on New Orleans, Andrew Jackson and his generals, the fashions and the most popular dishes of 1812, and heaven only knows what else.

The people who imagined that they knew a thing or two about the War of 1812 and thus should be hired as technical advisers for *The Buccaneer* left C. B.'s presence shaking their heads in dismay.

"That man," muttered one of them, "is wasting his time and talents here in Hollywood. He ought to be teaching American history in Harvard or Princeton instead of monkeying with films."

Nothing pleases De Mille more than to be given the opportunity to catch the so-called experts in an error. He still chuckles when he recalls how, while conducting research for Union Pacific, he discovered that the famous phrase "Go West, young man, go West" had never been coined by Horace Greeley (who was credited with it for several generations) but was first written by an unsung editor of a humble weekly paper in Terre Haute, Indiana.

"They accuse me of inaccuracies," he says, banging the table with his fist, "but what would happen if I ever dared to put on the screen some of the things that actually happened in ancient times? Take, for instance, my picture *Cleopatra*. The critics said that mine was a Park Avenue *Cleopatra*. Poor lambs. If they'd only known what I found out about Cleo-

patra in the scripts of the period! Have you ever heard of the practical joke she played on Mark Antony when they went on a fishing cruise? Listen to this. She made one of her slaves dive in the river and attach a beautifully cooked fish to Antony's hook. I would have given my right arm to use that sequence in my picture, but how could I? Even the public would have said, 'Just another of De Mille's crazy tricks!'"

A money director par excellence, De Mille has long since become accustomed to being manhandled by critics and highbrows. His record speaks. It's an astonishing one. In his thirty years as director and producer he has turned out sixty-six pictures for which the public paid \$200,000,000 at the box office and which grossed for Paramount alone the important sum of \$55,000,000.

When he was right in the middle of working on *The Ten Commandments*, the Paramount bookkeepers discovered that they had made a slight miscalculation; the epic would cost the company \$400,000 more than the budget indicated. Adolph Zukor threw up his hands and said that enough was enough—De Mille had to be stopped. It was better, thought Mr. Zukor, to abandon the whole project than to let him wreck the company.

De Mille refused to argue. He took off his polo shirt, breeches, and high boots, put on a lounge suit befitting Cecil B. De Mille the financier, and went to see his lawyer, Neil McCarthy.

"Neil," he said to him, "I want you to leave for New York at once. I want to buy *The Ten Commandments* from Paramount and finish



"It's a supercolossal singing telegram from Cecil B. De Mille."

BY ROLAND COE

and release the picture on my own. I agree in advance to pay whatever price Zukor considers fair." McCarthy took the first train for New York and submitted De Mille's offer to Zukor.

"Are you prepared to pay us one million dollars?" asked Zukor, fully aware of the fact that De Mille did not have that much cash on hand.

"Yes," replied McCarthy, "provided you give us seventy-two hours to raise the money."

"It's a deal," said Zukor.

McCarthy went to his hotel, got A. P. Giannini, head of the Bank of America, on the long-distance telephone, and explained his predicament. The banker listened to him in silence, then asked just one question.

"Does C. B. believe that the picture will make money?"

"He does."

"You'll have the million dollars. I'll confirm it by wire right away."

When Zukor read Giannini's telegram, he asked McCarthy to leave it with him for a few hours. That afternoon Paramount announced that its board of directors had decided to go ahead with *The Ten Commandments*.

"But you can't do it," protested McCarthy. "You've agreed to sell the picture to De Mille."

"My dear man," said Zukor, with a twinkle in his eye, "do you think I'm crazy? If it's good enough for the Bank of America, it's certainly good enough for my bankers."

It is a matter of record that *The Ten Commandments* made more money for Paramount than any other picture produced by that company.

PARTLY because of his ability to combine the financial practices of a drunken sailor with the judgment of a banker, partly because of his unpredictable reactions and a thoroughly uncontrollable temper, De Mille is a puzzle—and a considerable headache—to ninety-nine per cent of the men and women in the industry. This is not surprising, because his is the best known name and the least known personality in Hollywood. Not a joiner (he doesn't play golf and doesn't belong to any clubs), not a night-club hound, not a party-giver and not an invitation-seeker, De Mille managed to spend thirty years in a town where everybody knows everybody else, and where most of the people get into one another's hair, without having acquired any friends or enemies to speak of. Those few individuals who met him years and years ago (his lawyer McCarthy, his scenarist Jeanie Macpherson, his cutter Anne Bauchens, his former associate producer Bill Pine, and his former assistant Mitchell Leisen) are about the only ones who need no X-rays to learn what makes him run.

They know him as one knows one's favorite bed slippers. Nothing he says, does, or undertakes ever surprises them. When De Mille picks up the phone, calls Leisen, and barks, "Mitch, I want you to take a test for me," Leisen never bothers to explain that it has been years since he gradu-

FACTS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Concerning Your Health

DO YOU KNOW that the predisposing cause of many of the ills that afflict mankind are due to haphazard and indiscreet eating and drinking and careless habits of living?

DO YOU KNOW that next to the care you exercise in the selection and preparation of the food you eat is to see to it that your organs of elimination do their work regularly?

DO YOU KNOW that by keeping your intestinal tract clean and active you go a great way towards safeguarding yourself against prolonged illness and the loss of time and money this incurs?

DO YOU KNOW that intestinal cleanliness contributes in no small degree to that sparkle in your eyes, the glow of health on your cheeks and the feeling of physical comfort that comes with it?

DO YOU KNOW that it is just as simple and easy to take an internal bath as it is to take an external bath in a bathtub and in just about the same length of time?

DO YOU KNOW that thousands of persons take internal baths as systematically as they take external baths and would not think of omitting either of them?

DO YOU KNOW that an internal bath, taken before retiring, tends to insure relaxed and restful sleep and leaves one with a feeling of invigoration in the morning that demands a hearty breakfast?

DO YOU KNOW that just as certainly as the accumulation of dust and dirt on the outside of the body clogs the pores of the skin and necessitates your taking external baths so also does the accumulation and retention of uneliminated waste products within your body justify the necessity for "internal baths"?

DO YOU KNOW that frequently recurring headaches, dizziness, insomnia, some forms of nervousness, irritability, poor appetite, lassitude, lack of ambition and many other forms of distress can be due to faulty intestinal elimination when these symptoms are not due to other undetermined causes?

DO YOU KNOW that the tempo of modern life today is such that only the robust and vigorous can hope to keep up the gruelling pace at which we live and work and therefore any sensible means that help mankind to fortify itself against the strain, the wear and tear, deserves, to say the least, an investigation of its merits and an impartial consideration of the benefits which thousands of men and women testify "internal baths" have conferred upon them?

DO YOU KNOW that if you are not familiar with the benefits to be derived from "internal baths" you may, without cost or obligation obtain a free copy of a booklet entitled: "Why We Should Bathe Internally" by writing to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute using coupon below, upon receipt of which this booklet will be promptly mailed to you?

Tear This ▼ Off and Mail at Once

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE INC.,
152 West 65th St., New York, N. Y.

Dept. L5-30

Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

NAME _____ STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

"Tough Take-offs are easy with COOL SHAVES!"



• "I know fellows who take up a crate with gusto, but a razor with qualms. To them I say, 'Bail out from shaves that sting and burn!' Drop into any druggist's for Ingram's cooling, soothing shaving cream.

• "At the first touch of this different cream you zoom to shaving satisfaction. A cloud of cooling lather covers your face in split seconds—helps condition your skin for shaving as it wilts whiskers.

• "Contact! You shave with a freer hand—as smoothly as a glide to a 3-point landing. And with minutes shaved off your shaving time, you're down to earth refreshed for breakfast and business or dinner and dance.



• "Yes, Ingram's de luxe lather is a facial refresher. No lotions and tonics needed. For Ingram's leaves your face cool and smooth and younger-looking—and it stays that way for hours. Get a tube or jar of cooling Ingram's—concentrated for economy—today!"

INGRAM'S

SHAVING CREAM

ated from C. B.'s assistant into a big director in his own right. He merely says, "Certainly, C. B.," and goes ahead and takes the test. When De Mille yells at Bill Pine and reprimands him for something which he considers "utterly inexcusable and almost criminal," Pine listens patiently and promises he will try to mend his ways. Like Leisen, Pine is not working for De Mille any more; and like Leisen, he too realizes that once a De Mille slave always a De Mille slave.

Art Rosson, a mild-mannered man who is in charge of De Mille's so-called second unit (a unit that takes outdoor shots, battle scenes, and the like while the master is working in the studio), has been with De Mille a great many years, and he's still convinced that were he to live to be as old as Methuselah, even then he would never be able to shoot a scene in a way that would please his boss.

Recently, while both men were sitting in the projection room looking at the "dailies," De Mille jumped up, pointed a threatening finger at the screen, and yelled at the top of his voice, "This stinks! Stinks to high heaven. I'm ashamed of you, Rosson! My five-year-old grandson could take a better shot than that. Why, man, don't you realize—" And off he went.

When he was through, Rosson spoke up. "C. B., it so happens that I didn't take that shot. You did."

"It's a lie!" thundered De Mille. "Fancy my taking that shot. Why, it's preposterous!"

They summoned the cameraman. He looked up his records, and announced that the shot in question had in truth been taken by Cecil De Mille. The great man waved him aside impatiently.

"I don't give a damn who took it!" he shouted. "De Mille or Rosson or John Doe. It stinks to heaven, I'm telling you!"

Several weeks later, at the private preview of the finished picture, De Mille motioned to Art Rosson to stand up, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you Mr. Art Rosson, the man who does the work for which I take the credit."

SUPERCOLOSSAL as De Mille's eccentricities are, there is a great deal of difference between him and the usual run of Hollywood dictators. He hates and despises yes men. Once upon a time a certain individual who thought he could get around any one by constantly saying, "You're perfectly right. I agree with you 100 per cent," tried his technique on C. B. He got his walking papers twenty-four hours later. "I've no use for people who agree with me 100 per cent," explained De Mille. "What I am looking for is a guy who'll disagree with me at least 60 per cent."

He found such a guy in the person of Bill Pine. It is estimated that, year in and year out, Pine distinguished himself by disagreeing with his boss at least 75 per cent. This led to some

of the most spectacular fights in De Mille's career. He would denounce Pine vehemently in front of the company; he would all but wipe his boots on his daring associate. Then he would wind up by following Pine's advice. Very early in their association Pine understood that there is only one thing that De Mille will not stand for. In no circumstances should any one ever tell him that something he wanted to do was impossible. "What do you mean, impossible?" De Mille would yell. "Nothing is impossible on my lot! You forget that you're talking to the man who opened and closed the Red Sea."

Stormy as De Mille's dealings are with his associates, writers, actors, actresses, art directors, and cameramen, he seems to be guided by a sound principle. In his case, confidence inspires affection and not the other way around. His fondness for Gary Cooper verges on adoration; but there is an excellent reason for it. It so happens that he trusts Cooper implicitly and knows that he can always depend on him to deliver the best possible performance.

HISTORY has never known a tyrant who was strong enough not to be won over and mastered by some one, usually a person who chose to remain behind the scenes. Cecil B. De Mille is no exception to the rule. He may have opened and closed the Red Sea, and he may have forced the tempestuous Paulette Goddard to rehearse sixteen times the scene in which she is soundly spanked by four husky Northwest Mounted policemen, but he ceases to be the führer and turns into a piece of putty when it comes to matching wits with his seven-year-old granddaughter, Cecilia Harper. It is this little red-haired girl who really runs the great Mr. De Mille. What she says goes, at least in their household.

One evening a few months ago, on his return home after a hard day at the studio, De Mille was notified that Cecilia had refused to say her prayers. Her mother pleaded with her, but she said no, she was too tired, and besides she just didn't believe in saying prayers. "I'll have a talk with her," promised C. B. He did, but failed to sway the rebel.

"I'm too tired," she kept repeating.

"All right, darling," he compromised. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll say your prayers for you."

It is quite possible that the picture of an elderly man kneeling by the bedside of a child struck him as being an excellent idea for a touching close-up. Be that as it may, he began reciting the prayer. Cecilia listened patiently at first; but when he reached the middle, she cut him short.

"This is Cecil B. De Mille saying good night from Hollywood, California," she announced, yawning lustily.

The second part of this story of a great director will appear in next week's issue.

HIS MAN'S WAR



Student officer candidates jump over a stone wall at Fort Riley Cavalry School.

PHOTO BY U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WOULD you please look into the death rate among the enlisted men at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri? We hear disturbing reports about men being refused admittance to the hospital until they are desperately ill. If true, this rumor should be confirmed and the facts exposed; if false, it should be denied and branded as a lie.

F. B. B., Watertown, N. Y.

Your Old Sarge offers a report from the Assistant Air Surgeon at Jefferson Barracks as noted below. This should put an end to the many similar ugly rumors which are instigated and circulated by enemy agents in an effort to upset our loyal citizens and cast doubts on the medical care given our Armed Forces:

"A survey discloses that the disease incidence rate at Jefferson Barracks is slightly lower than for the Army as a whole and for any other comparative station in the United States. This also applies to the death rate for all diseases. Those in the military service are never refused admission to any military hospital. It is the individual's prerogative at any time to request that his name be placed on the sick book of his organization and to report to the hospital for medical service. In all medical installations throughout the Army there is a medical officer on duty twenty-four hours a day who is available to examine, prescribe for, and if, in his opinion, the individual be in need of hospitalization, admit to the hospital any individual who turns in sick. In military hospitals it is customary to admit any one who is sick. There is a sufficient number of doctors and nurses and medical attendants to care for all troops in the military service.

"For the Commanding General, Army Air Forces,

"(Signed) H. C. Chenault, Lt. Colonel, M. C."

* * *

In reading the newspapers I have noticed many items about stars of the stage, screen, and radio making personal appearances in Army camps. But I have also noticed that the camps visited have been either on the west coast or the east coast. Have they for-

gotten that there are Army posts all over the country? Do the stars go to the camps to entertain the men or to gain publicity?

Pvt. E. R. B., Scott Field, Ill.

Well, soldier, when you consider that most of the entertainment people are located on the coasts, it's only natural that they should appear most frequently at the camps they can reach most conveniently. They are working people and they have jobs to do, too. Sure they want publicity . . . that's part of their stock in trade, and you can't blame them for taking it when they can get it. Calling all stars: you're being paged in the Middle West.

* * *

I believe a lot of Liberty readers would like to know the new rates of Army pay if, as, and when established.

C. W. M., Wood River, Ill.

As I write this, the Johnson Bill has been passed by a unanimous Senate vote, the House is expected to take final favorable action shortly, and the President will undoubtedly sign the bill without delay. It should be in effect before this page appears. Here are the present and proposed monthly pay scales by enlisted grade:

Grade	Present	Proposed
Private	\$30*	\$42
Private 1st Class	36	48
Corporal	54	66
Sergeant	60	78
Staff Sgt.	72	96
1st or Tech. Sgt.	84	114
Master Sgt.	126	138

* \$21 for the first four months.

* * *

I expect to be drafted shortly. If I volunteer before I'm called, can I choose the branch of service I want?

C. H., Waterford, Pa.

You can indicate your preference, but where you land depends on existing vacancies. The Army's classification officers go on the principle that a man does his best work in the job that is most congenial to him. But it is oftentimes impossible to give a man the exact assignment he prefers. In many classifications there aren't enough jobs to go round. You'll have to take your chances . . . and remember that many a man has been pleasantly surprised to find himself called for special duties when a need for his par-

ticular abilities has developed after he's been in the Army some time.

* * *

I am an old soldier with over twenty-six years' service and have been an N. C. O. nearly all of those years. Now that the Army has been increased so, lots of promotions have taken place, but I am still a Master Sergeant. I can't take exams for the grade of Warrant Officer because I am over the forty-four-year dead line. Temporary commissions offered are mostly lieutenantcies, and to accept either a first or second lieutenantcy would reduce my present pay. Young officers come into the service from civil life, know little about the Army, and we old soldiers have to tell them how to do it. Glad to do that, but why should I have to stay at a standstill? Oh, well, maybe they feel sorry for me and others like me and are just letting us hold on until we can retire. Gosh, we old-timers don't want any one to feel sorry for us—but neither do we want to be put on the shelf.

*Master Sgt. M. O. S.,
Mitchel Field, N. Y.*

I've said it before and I'll probably say it again: without old-time N. C. O.s like you this Army would be in one hell of a fix. You're stuck in your present grade now and you may never be unstuck, but you're doing a job that only your kind can do.

* * *

For months I have been crusading for the proper application of the name jeep. Let's settle the issue once and for all. The half-ton reconnaissance job is a jeep and the bantam is a peep.

Sgt. K. L. P.,

Indiantown Gap M. R., Pa.

Ever since the jeep question was raised in April 18 Liberty, the answers have been coming in . . . and how! The sergeant's letter expresses the majority opinion, and that's good enough for me. Dissenters can still call their shots.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

PINK DAWN

BY GUY FOWLER

THE American flyer strode head and shoulders above his captors. They were lean tawny little men, who trotted two in front of him, two behind, with bayonets at the ready.

The prisoner's right arm, broken in a forced landing, hung uncontrolled in the sleeve of his leather jacket. A mixture of grease and mud and blood gave his face the expression of a gargoyle with laughing blue eyes.

Mud-spattered cars and cycles waited near the farmhouse which served as temporary headquarters and there was a confusion of movement. A sentry admitted the newcomers at once, and the American smiled, aware that the news of his capture had preceded him.

He was somewhat consoled by the knowledge that they had found only hot twisted metal where he landed. His little combat ship had provided swift fuel for the blaze he touched off before they surrounded him. He had left nothing to identify him or his squadron.

He was led directly to a room in the rear of the farmhouse. Seated behind a littered pine table, with his back to the window, a swarthy colonel regarded him unblinkingly through horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Sit down." He spoke in English, indicating a chair which faced the light. "You look a bit done up, Lieutenant—ah, Brandon, I believe."

Jimmy Brandon was unable to control his start of surprise at the sound of his name. "You're a fast worker, colonel. Thank you, sir." He accepted the chair, studying the dark expressionless face of the enemy officer.

The colonel proffered a cigarette from a box of delicate Oriental design that stood beside a water glass from which a single rose thrust into the sunlight. He held a silver lighter for Brandon, then for himself.

"How many of you are there fighting now, lieutenant?"

"I'm all alone, sir." Brandon grinned ruefully.

"I scarcely expected you to answer. But yours is a hopeless business. You Americans should let Asia and Europe alone. You're merely postponing the inevitable."

Brandon chuckled. "You're whistling in the dark, colonel. We're speeding up the inevitable."

The officer shrugged. "Differences of opinion make horse races—and new international boundary lines."

Brandon was searching his mind to place the error which had revealed his identity so soon. His gaze lowered to the water glass with its lone rose. It was an exotic bloom, deep pink on the outer edges of the petals, blending to salmon pink toward the heart.

"Exquisite, isn't it?" The colonel touched the velvet flower gently.

"It is, but this is a hell of a place for it," Brandon replied.

His host stood up abruptly and, half turning to the window, motioned Brandon to join him.

"It has practical value, lieutenant."



ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON

He indicated a mass of roses which almost concealed a broken old stone wall behind the farmhouse. "You see how the wall is covered," he continued. "It is strange but a fact, lieutenant—that these roses actually thrive on blood."

He wheeled and regarded Brandon keenly. A glitter crept into his black shoe-button eyes behind the thick lenses.

"You understand, of course, we can't hold prisoners. There isn't enough food for our own men. If you look closely you'll see that the stones are chipped."

Brandon laughed. "You've studied psychology, colonel. Well, if you're going to stand me up in front of a firing squad out there, let's be honest. I'm as curious as hell. Tell me, how did you know my name?"

Before the colonel could answer, the door behind them was opened and an aide bolted in, loosing a flood of high-pitched native dialect. The colonel replied curtly, and the aide left. Brandon heard the familiar sound of antiaircraft guns at a distance.

"Ah, yes, your name." The colonel smiled strangely as he glanced at the rose.

"I'm curious about your flowers, too," Brandon said. "I used to raise the species myself."

"Yes, the Pink Dawn species." The colonel turned away from the light. "I have always preferred it to any other." He cocked his head attentively. The heavy drone of bombing planes swept in unmistakably. He faced Brandon again. "You remember the rose, then, but nothing else?"

"What else? I've never been here before."

They started in unison toward the window at the sudden commotion outside. Little khaki figures were scattering. Cars and cycles roared into motion. Above the uproar Brandon and his companion were aware of the bombers diving. A great shadow swept across the garden.

"On your belly!" Brandon yelled instinctively, hurling himself down.

The explosion flung him through a flashing red inferno. As suddenly it became black and he was dimly conscious of throbbing silence. He moved carefully and found that he could sit up. The sunlight streamed from open sky. There was no roof, no wall where the window had been. The little room was shattered.

A movement drew his eye. Halfway across the littered floor the colonel lay in a pile of debris. He was gasping, but he got up on one elbow. Brandon dragged himself over beside him.

"Rest up a minute, colonel. We'll get out of this."

"Yes," the colonel murmured. "Too bad—they came—just then."

He spoke with an effort. His glasses were gone and his little eyes were dull. "We were speaking of—the roses—and you."

"Yes." Brandon supported the colonel with his good arm.

"I fancy, lieutenant—you wirelessly our location—before we got you?"

"I did, sir—about ten seconds before they shot my radio out."

The little man nodded and sank back against his shoulder. They heard the bombers returning, and with them now there came the lighter song of the combat planes. Brandon knew that with luck he would soon be restored to his command.

A smile touched the colonel's pale lips. "It is—no military secret," he gasped painfully, "that you Americans—are strangely unobservant. . . . Even you, a soldier—are blind—Lieutenant Brandon."

"What am I overlooking, colonel?"

"You remember—the rose—but—" The colonel's voice was weaker.

"Yes, but what?" He raised the dying man against his good shoulder.

The colonel sighed. "The rose—should have told you—Mister Brandon . . ."

That "mister" touched a familiar note. Brandon stared into the lined oval face. The smile was gentle now.

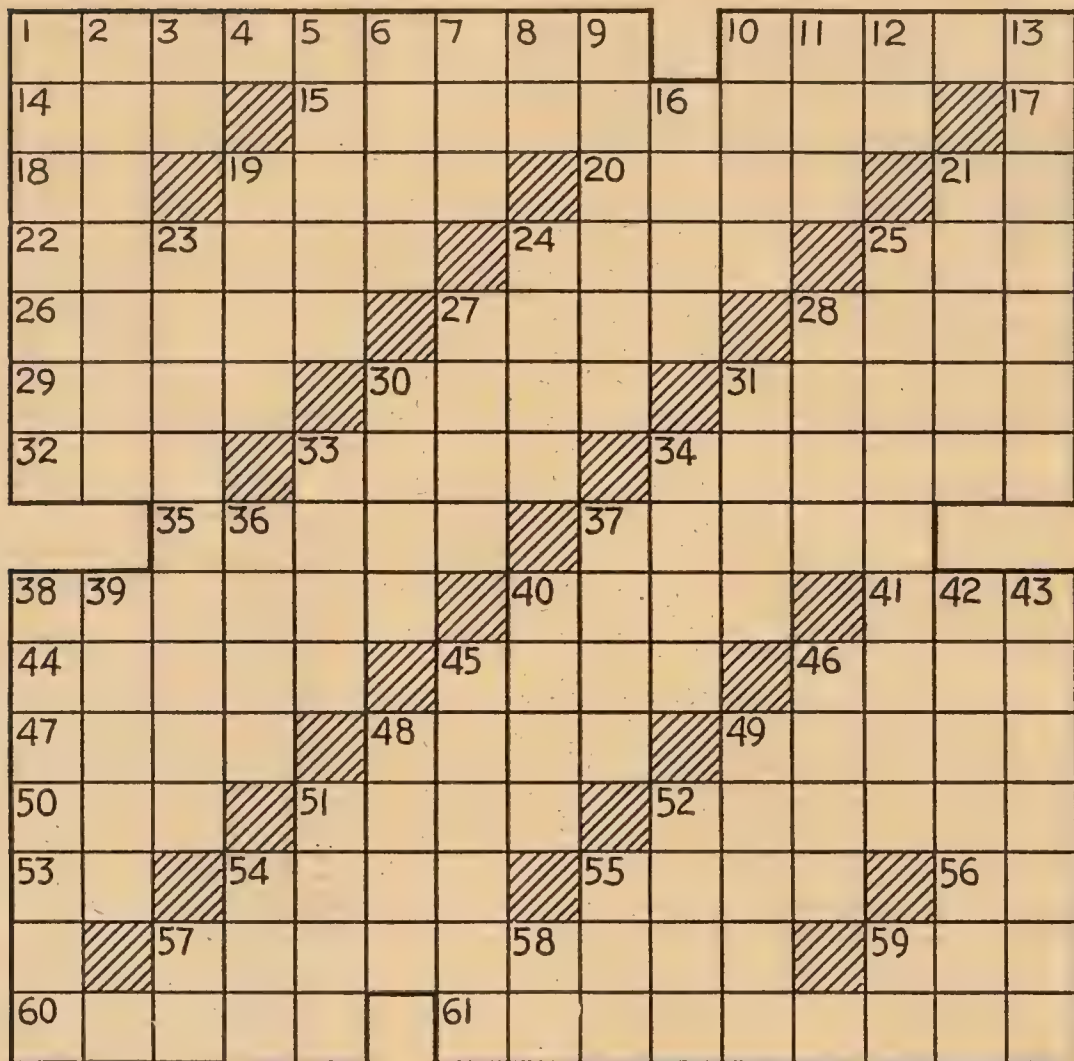
"I was—your gardener years ago—back in California—Mister Brandon."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

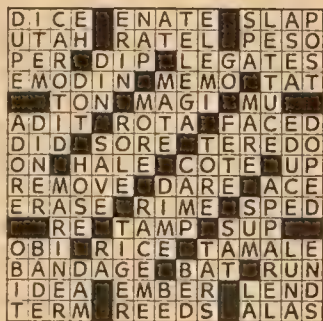
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

- 1 They are extremely allergic to lead
- 10 Ambulating wart (abbr.)
- 14 Fuss'n'feathers
- 15 The she-loves-me-she-loves-me-not vegetable
- 17 Questionable thing about alphabet soup
- 18 When attached to him it makes Morse unhappy
- 19 The thing with Shakespeare
- 20 What standing armies have to do at reveille
- 21 Ticks
- 22 Armored January molasses (pl.)
- 24 Pushface, goggle-eyed apology for a dog (abbr.)
- 25 Its uncle was an aunt
- 26 Sarong hooks
- 27 What to do when meeting a lion
- 28 Sartorial equine
- 29 It won't play ball with us, so we may have to steal bases
- 30 The big meow
- 31 Two words you daren't say to a dictator
- 32 Yammering Diaper Populator (abbr.)
- 33 It's vulgar and am too in Webster
- 34 Spanish views
- 35 No thoughtful woman does it to her husband or girdle
- 37 A 5,280-footer
- 38 Wooden committees
- 40 Just one thing on top of another
- 41 Automatic Mouth Muzzler (abbr.)
- 44 The loving bone (pl.)
- 45 MacMitchell's specialty
- 46 A dog's best friend
- 47 The cries of youth
- 48 Cheek
- 49 Lachrymose drizzlepuss
- 50 Senators never suffer a shortage of this
- 51 Base thing Eire won't play with us
- 52 What the jitterbug roué did in the old joints



Last week's answer

- (simp. spell.)
 - 53 Empty tea tin
 - 54 Naughty Nat's reply to his parents
 - 55 What blacks usually are
 - 56 1/2 of 1 (Ger.)
 - 57 On their many hops they carry an observer in the front rumble seat
 - 59 Cause of Jap sinking spells (abbr.)
 - 60 Manufacture sheet music
 - 61 Only thing Hitler lets Mussolini put his nose in these days
- VERTICAL
- 1 Green confetti for boiled murphies
 - 2 Bottlenose he sang Sweet Adeline through
 - 3 Two's it (abbr.)
 - 4 It's slender, personal, and single
 - 5 What Niagara does week-ends for honeymooners
 - 6 Hotheaded fellows
 - 7 Headquarters of the snouty and well fed
 - 8 4 P. M. cry of the English lark
 - 9 Bed sheet with glamour
 - 10 What gals won't like to cotton to but will fill with pins anyway
 - 11 Walton, to his pals
 - 12 This is mightie tha th

- swor
- 13 They're armored, noiseless, and often stewed
- 16 Push the pups around the country
- 19 Needle manufacturer; branches all over the map
- 21 Japs' meat?
- 23 Mechanized angels to carry Bundles for Hiro, Hitto, and Messo (U. S. A.)
- 24 Boy meets girl; boy loses girl; boy regains girl (Hollywood)
- 25 Here's where the Japs are going for a little trip—on their noses
- 27 Any poor fish can get along with them
- 28 A load of castor oil
- 30 Stove ones make swell ones (fem.)
- 31 Cleo's dunking hole
- 33 Cockney pie grabbers
- 34 Vot Dutch girls do to their vingermails
- 36 Hunks of eons
- 37 Famed stream of song and quite a meeting place
- 28 Ford's ancestors, about to be revived
- 39 City of Crosswords (not Reno)
- 40 You'll have to swallow it even if it sickens you
- 42 Containing least starch in your milquetoast
- 43 A kick in the face at five o'clock
- 45 British Corregidor (pl.)
- 46 What Mussolini'd like to be now
- 48 Kind of law Hitler'd bring to Europe
- 49 Adolescent yen
- 51 What Cockeyed Puzzlers think their heads to the
- 52 What Irishmen do with educated dogs
- 54 Curse this curse!
- 55 Suthn yawn-produceh
- 57 Down and ten to go (abbr.)
- 58 Redheaded Peaches (abbr.)
- 59 Haffrican 'ome

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



86 PROOF

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WELL IN HAND

BY EDWIN RUTT

When a marine, a second looie, and a luscious girl get together, then look for romance—and trouble!

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

MARINE JOHNNY SAXBY sat in Ike's Coke Bar and wished the adolescents present would cease to play the juke box. There had been a time, not so long ago, when Marine Saxby had been adolescent himself, and no mean hand at feeding nickels to juke boxes. But that time was past. Johnny was now aged and disillusioned. And the juke box interrupted the trend of his sere and yellowed thoughts.

Corporeally he was not showing his age. Rather to his amazement, he still looked a fresh-faced twenty. But Marine Saxby knew that a man was as old as he felt. Judged by that yardstick, Methuselah, compared to himself, was still moist behind the ears.

"Gee," he muttered, addressing the pie à la mode which, despite the burden he bore, he was consuming with absent-minded gusto, "this is terrible! Losing her to a second looie."

"Her" was Miss Frances (Franny) Culver. The second looie was Second Lieutenant Arthur McDonough, United States Infantry, stationed at a camp some ten miles away. And of late Miss Culver had been showing a marked preference for the society of Lieutenant McDonough over the society of Marine John Saxby. So much so that Marine Saxby's situation looked as hopeless as that of the Phil-
lies in any given year.

At this point a slim youth entered the coke bar. Johnny's eyes lighted. He was always glad to see Stewart Culver, Franny's eighteen-year-old brother. Stewart, he knew, was on his side. Stewart was wont to refer to Lieutenant McDonough as "that swelled-headed droop."

With the air of one bearing confi-

dential intelligence, Stewart sidled up and took the stool next to Johnny. He spoke from behind his hand, like an archconspirator.

"Got some dope for you," he announced in a hoarse whisper. "They're sending that droop McDonough away from Camp Lansdowne tomorrow. I mean, they're moving his regiment."

Marine Saxby's heart leaped. "No kidding! How did you find that out?"

"From Franny. McDonough phoned her."

"Well, gee!" Johnny drew a breath of relief. "That makes everything O. K. The guy was a menace."

"I hate to tell you," said Stew darkly, "but right now he's a worse menace than ever."

"Why, for Pete's sake? If he's going away—"

"You don't get it," Stew interrupted. "Franny's all steamed up because he's leaving. They've got a dinner date tonight, and she insinuated—she didn't say it right out—but she insinuated that if he asks her to marry him, she'll probably fall for it. She's nuts about the idea of being a war bride."

Johnny blanched. "You mean she—she might run off with him tonight? Elope?"

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," said Stew lugubriously.

Marine Saxby ceased abruptly to eat pie à la mode. This matter called for his undivided attention.

"What's Franny doing today?" he inquired at length. "This afternoon, I mean."

"She's going to be at the Red Cross first-aid class," Stew informed him. "You know, the one that nurse, Miss Wellborn, gives at the church. She's one of the victims."

"Huh? Victims?"

"Yeah," said Stew. "It's like this: The girls are all learning bandaging and stuff. So they have to have victims to work on. So they take some of the girls and pretend they've had accidents. And the rest of 'em practice on the victims. Give 'em artificial respiration, tie 'em up in splints, and like that. And, boy, do they tie 'em up! Some of 'em can't even move."





ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

"Is that right!" said Johnny interestedly. And then, all at once, he seemed to fall into a kind of trance. Stew peered at him. "What's the matter, Johnny? You going to sleep or something?"

A dreamy expression was indeed decorating the freckled countenance of Marine Saxby. But Mr. Saxby was nowhere near asleep. In fact, his brain had never been more keenly alive.

"Stew," he said slowly, "I think I'm getting something. You say they tie 'em up so they can't move? Well, listen . . ."

THERE were queer goings-on in the basement of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. Prone upon the floor lay a row of ordinarily dignified females of varying ages. Seated astride each recumbent figure was another and more active female. And the hands of the active females were pressing and re-pressing in measured fashion in the region of the floating ribs of the prone females at the rate of fifteen movements per minute. The ladies were learning artificial respiration.

Miss Lorna Wellborn, registered nurse, stood out in front supervising

Stewart Culver and a young marine dashed in bearing a stretcher. Before Miss Wellborn could move, they had placed Franny upon it.

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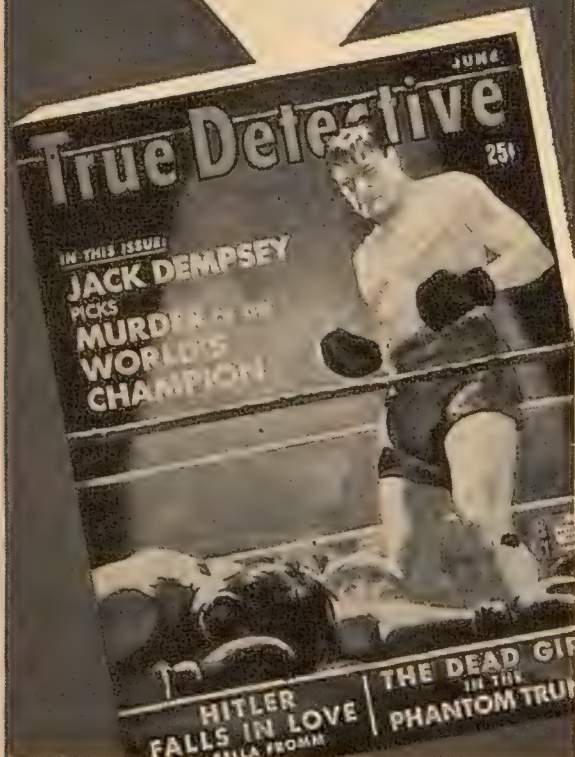
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the festivities. Miss Wellborn did not count in the usual one-two-three-four manner in order to instill rhythm into the efforts of the artificial respirators. She obtained it, instead, with a colorful little line of her own.

"Out goes the bad air, in comes the good air," chanted Miss Wellborn in a singsongy voice. "Out goes the bad air, in comes the good air."

The bad air went and the good air came, and at length the artificial respiration part of the first-aid program ended. The horizontal figures, somewhat disheveled, regained the vertical position.

The artificial respiration had been indulged in by the class as a whole. Now, however, each lady returned to her group. Miss Wellborn passed from group to group, giving instructions.

As she neared Group Number Four she sighed. Into Group Four the gods of chance had tossed half a dozen females who, though doubtless good wives, mothers, and daughters, seemed to have utterly no aptitude for first-aid work. If there was a possible way to do a thing wrong, Group Four was certain to seize upon that way. The only one of this ill-fated aggregation who did not seem completely addled and butterfingers was Franny Culver.

"Now, then," said Miss Wellborn, dropping anchor alongside of Group Four, "this is your assignment: Imagine an automobile accident! A woman is unconscious. Victim is bleeding from the scalp. She has lacerations of the face, a broken leg, fractured ribs, and a possible dislocation of the shoulder. Proceed with treatment at once." She turned to Franny Culver. "All right, Frances. You're this group's victim today, aren't you?"

Franny Culver, in blue linen slacks, made one of the most luscious-looking victims, real or imaginary, on record. Hair the color of pale honey, and cornflower eyes; a wide smooth forehead; a generous red mouth that quirked slightly at the corners. There was five feet five of Franny, all of it as slim and straight as a reed. She collapsed this gorgeous figure now upon a convenient blanket. The other members of Group Four hurried to a table containing bandages, splints, and other frightening implements.

TEN minutes later Miss Wellborn, casting a supervisory eye at Group Four, gasped in horror. The Awkward Squad seemed to have outdone even itself today.

Very little indeed could be seen of Franny Culver. There was a wild-looking bandage about her head which completely obliterated her face. One end of it had already worked loose and seemed to flutter like the distress signal of a castaway on a desert island. Then from her neck to the town's neatest ankles there stretched a vast wilderness of inept bandages. A large sling tightly strapped the supposedly dislocated shoulder. Some misguided soul had also bound up the other arm, rendering it practically useless. Her right leg was encased in a splint that

would have impeded the progress of Man Mountain Dean. Miss Franny Culver looked like something recently brought in from the Russian front.

But just then the door of the room was unexpectedly flung open, and things seemed to happen very quickly.

Two gentlemen—Stewart Culver and a young marine whom Miss Wellborn did not know—dashed in, bearing a stretcher. Before Miss Wellborn could make a move, they had placed Franny upon it.

About to move then, Miss Wellborn paused. This was undoubtedly a stunt, or gag, of Franny's younger brother. But it wasn't a bad one. It was providing a realistic touch which, Miss Wellborn thought, the class in first aid might benefit by seeing.

And before the astonished eyes of the first-aid class Franny was presently borne away in triumph.

"STEP on it, boy," said Marine Saxby exultantly.

Stew stepped on it. His jalopy pulled away from the church with a rattle and a roar. There came a muffled shout from the bundle of rags just dumped unceremoniously onto the back seat.

"Hey," quoth the bundle of rags through a veritable sea of muslin. "Whag's the gig ideag?"

"You say something, Stew?" Johnny asked, winking.

"Not me," said Stewart. "Must have been the potato sack back there."

Their voices disclosed their identities. From beneath the bandages came explosive sounds:

"Stewgart Cubver! You legg me ougt of here!"

The splutterings were accompanied by a tremendous thrashing about of the swathed body. It was evident that Franny was working her arms loose, and this, Marine Saxby decided, must not be. A bandaged termagant was bad enough; an unhampered one might wreck this whole enterprise. With monkeyish agility, Marine Saxby clambered over into the rear seat. He put a firm arm around Franny, imprisoning her completely.

"Relax," he advised.

Franny had managed to dislodge the bandage that covered her eyes and mouth. "Take your hands off me, Johnny Saxby!"

Stewart spoke from behind the wheel. "Why can't we have peace?" he asked querulously. "After all, we just came out for a little fun."

"Fun, you idiot? Where do you think you're taking me?"

"To New York," Stew told her equably. "To see the sights."

Franny gasped. Then, with an effort, she controlled herself. It was well, she knew, to reason with lunatics.

"Listen," she said, addressing Johnny. "Aren't you being a little silly? You have to get back to barracks, you know, and—"

"You're wrong there," Johnny interrupted. "I wangled an overnight leave."

It was a stumper, but Franny persevered. "Well," she said, "if you boys

want to go to New York, it's all right with me. But why drag me along? Oh, of course it was a perfectly grand gag to take me out of the church that way. How did you ever think of it? But fun's fun, and now we've had it. So how about taking me back?"

Stewart shook his head. "Too late. We're on our way now, and the government says you mustn't waste gas and tires. The government says—"

"Oh, shut up!" Franny's control snapped. "I don't suppose it means anything to you two that I've got something on tonight. Something—well, very important."

"Mean anything to you, Johnny?" said Stew.

"Not a thing, Stew," said Johnny. "Oh, shut up!" barked Franny.

THEY all shut up, for some ten miles. The gentlemen held their peace, like strong silent men in complete command of a situation. Franny kept still because she was doing some heavy thinking.

It was perfectly clear to her why she had been thus shanghaied. And, though she was furious at him, she really couldn't blame Johnny Saxby. Johnny was frightfully in love with her, she knew. But frightfully. And, under normal circumstances, Johnny was a dear. It had been tough going to decide to put him in the runner-up position to Lieutenant McDonough. But it was just such puerile tricks as this that had driven her into the arms of the suaver McDonough. Johnny Saxby, two-fisted leatherneck though he was, needed a governess.

Of course, the way to cope with such a childlike mentality was to be patient and not to lose one's temper. Very well; she would do just that. She would explain, carefully, that the man who had dated her tonight was the big love of her life. Gently she would make it clear that she could never be more than a devoted sister to Johnny. She would make him see that his case was hopeless. Then it ought to be easy to persuade him and her brother to turn the car around.

She was searching for suitable opening words when the left-hand front tire went *plop*.

"That does it," said Stewart as the jalopy bumped to a standstill. "I don't have a spare."

Franny gave an agonized cry: "No spare?"

"No," mumbled Stew. "Left it to have the inner patched. What with this rubber shortage and all, I—"

"Well, you are a goon!" Franny's resolve to keep her temper went up in smoke. How would she get back for her date now? By the time these two incompetents got help, it would be all hours.

Then she glanced at Marine Saxby. Marine Saxby was grinning complacently. Quite evidently he regarded this as the break to end breaks.

Stewart pulled the car off the road and they got out. Stewart found a jack.

"Get these bandages off me!" hissed Franny. "This has gone far enough."

Marine Saxby unswathed her. As he did so, he was ill-advised enough to do a little gloating.

"This is swell," he said smugly. "We'll be here a long time. We'll—"

He got no further. The smugness in his voice was too much for Franny. Little red things danced before her eyes. She cast the last of the bandages to the winds and rushed at Marine Saxby. She gave him a violent push.

It might have been a well rehearsed act. Stewart was bending down, putting the jack under the car. Johnny was standing directly in front of Stewart. Caught off guard, he did a neat back flip across Stewart's shoulders. He sat down heavily.

"Ooof," he remarked. "Ouch!" And he sat there.

Stewart looked up aggrievedly. "Hey! Is this a time for horseplay?"

"Get up, you fool," said Franny to Johnny. "You look silly."

Marine Saxby started to rise. But all at once he sank back. A spasm crossed his face.

"My ankle," he said from between clenched teeth.

Franny, instantly contrite, flew to his side. "Johnny! What's happened?"

Marine Saxby moaned. "I think it's busted. Or sprained. I—I was standing sort of toed in, and I felt it go."

"Oh, gosh," cried Franny. "This would happen!" She turned to her brother. "Do something, Stewart."

"I am," said Stewart calmly. "I'm taking this wheel off. Then I'll catch a lift to a service station and get the tire fixed. Be back in no time."

Franny bent over Marine Saxby. "I'm so sorry, Johnny. I—I didn't mean to hurt you."

"It's oke," said Johnny, a true marine. "You just didn't think." He moved the injured ankle an inch. "Ow!"

HE appeared to be in great pain. Franny glanced around wildly. Her eye fell on the yards of bandage on the ground. Well, after all, what had she been studying first aid for?

"Take off your shoe and sock," she commanded. "And stop whining, for heaven's sake! It isn't even swollen."

"That'll come," predicted Johnny confidently.

Miss Lorna Wellborn would have approved the neat bandage on Johnny's ankle, but it took Franny a long time. So long that Stewart got the wheel off, hailed a lift, and departed during the process.

"Does it feel better now?" Franny asked, sitting back on her heels.

"M-m-m—" Johnny stretched his leg tentatively. Then he grinned at her shamefacedly. "Gee, Franny, I guess this was a dopey thing Stew and I did. But I never thought I was going to lose control of the situation."

"What do you mean, lose control?" demanded Franny.

"Well," said Marine Saxby awkwardly, "Stew and I were going to take you back for your date if—if it looked like you really wanted to keep it. But now"—the grin became



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rueful—"you couldn't get back if you wanted to. In time, that is."

"And I do want to," Franny said decisively. But she sounded more decisive than she felt. It was inexplicable, but for the past twenty minutes she hadn't thought once about Second Lieutenant McDonough.

Marine Saxby sighed. "I guess," he said, "that I'd better give up. I don't seem to know how to cope with these things."

Franny looked down at him. There was a pained expression on his freckled face, and she wondered if all of the pain came from the ankle.

"You're an awful kid, Johnny," she said. "But don't worry. Stewart ought to be back soon. And I won't be so terribly late. Art will wait for me."

"Gee," Marine Saxby said—and, though badly wounded, he contrived to move so that his head rested against her knee—"I should think he would. Me, I'd wait a million years!"

IT was dark when Stewart returned, dropped off by an obliging motorist. It was darker still when at last they headed home. Then Franny issued an edict.

"Listen, you two," she said. "We're stopping at the first place where I can telephone. Is that clear?"

They stopped before a village drugstore. Franny went inside.

"Well, kid," said Stewart to Johnny, who was draped across the back seat, "you sure put me to a lot of trouble. I hope you made some time."

Johnny winced. "Forget it," he said. "We were nuts, Stew. I guess we didn't realize it, but she—she's really wacky about that guy."

"Oh, well," said Stew, "that's tough. But they can't say we weren't in there pitching."

At this point Franny rejoined them. She had her choice of two places to sit, but she climbed in back with Johnny. In the darkness they couldn't see the grim set of her mouth.

"Now," said Stew, "I suppose we've got to drive like the devil so you can get home to that droop. O. K. Don't say anything. I'm stepping on it."

"You needn't bother," said Franny in a small cold voice.

"Eh? How's that?"

Miss Frances Culver was well aware that when the course of true love becomes roiled the well bred woman doesn't shout about it from the house-

tops. But here, she felt, there were extenuating circumstances. Stewart was her brother, and Johnny Saxby—well, he was a very good friend.

"If you can imagine it," she said biting, "Arthur McDonough had the nerve to bawl me out. He was still at the house, but he said he was leaving right away. He said that he—he wasn't accustomed to having girls keep him waiting for an hour and a half. He—he was very nasty about it."

The heart of Marine Saxby bounded, but he spoke carelessly: "What do you know? Picture getting sore about a little thing like that."

"I always said the guy was a droop," contributed Stew.

"I could murder both of you," Franny said.

"Work on Stew first," suggested Johnny. "Because you've half killed me already."

"Oh, Johnny!" It was infinitely gratifying the way she dropped Lieutenant Arthur McDonough as if he had been a hot brick. "Does it hurt very much?"

"Terribly," said Johnny, with a mighty grimace. "It would help, though, if I could—er—put my head against your shoulder, dar—I mean Franny."

"I fail to see," Franny said severely, "how that would help your ankle." But she didn't move the shoulder.

SOME three hours later Marine Saxby descended the Culver steps, treading on air. He was about to tread air all the way to the marine barracks, since it was no longer necessary to avail himself of the overnight leave, when Stewart Culver materialized from the shadow of a bystanding bush.

"Hey, Johnny!" said Stew in a high whisper.

"Hiya, boy," Johnny said. "If you want to speak to me, make it snappy. Make it snappy. Because I've got a lot of thinking, and planning, to do."

"It's just about your ankle," Stew said, peering at him. "Did you really sprain it when she pushed you, or was that just an act?"

"Stew," said Johnny, "I'm telling you straight: she like to bust my ankle."

It was strange that, under these circumstances, Marine Saxby should have gone skipping down the street.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

- 1—Beatrice Lillie.
- 2—An imaginary stone, or chemical substance, believed by alchemists of the Middle Ages to have the power of transmuting baser metals into gold.
- 3—Harold S. Vanderbilt, who devised the scoring for contract.
- 4—Nothing. Soldiers can now send letters by regular mail free.
- 5—No. The crow doesn't fly in a straighter line than other birds.
- 6—The part of the upper deck abaft the mainmast.
- 7—Congress formally adopted the Stars and Stripes as the national flag.
- 8—To punch, means, among other things, to prod with a stick—therefore to herd, and a cowpuncher is a cowherder.
- 9—Malta, British island in the Mediterranean.
- 10—Martin Van Buren, because he carried on Jackson's policies.
- 11—Echo.
- 12—Bern.
- 13—Dry-goods merchants used to have brass tacks placed along the back of the counter by which to measure cloth.
- 14—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island in Canada.
- 15—It is awarded for excellence in war production, and all industries—employees and employers—engaged in work for the navy strive to win the letter.
- 16—The War of Secession, War of the Rebellion, and War Between the States.
- 17—No. It was a group who banded together in 1899 for the purpose of placing Bibles in every hotel room in the country.
- 18—The geologic era ant. Geologists divide all time, from a billion and a half years back, into five great eras. A decade is only ten years and a millennium is only a thousand.
- 19—The equator. In fact, Ecuador means equator in Spanish.
- 20—Carolyn Wells.



Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings, and Anita Balster in a smashing new spy picture, Saboteur.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

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★★★★ **SABOTEUR**
(for masterful melodrama)

This knockout melodrama really is extraordinary. It's a smashing attack on spies and sabotage. The action has terrific suspense and excitement. And it's first-rate movie from beginning to end. Only one director could have made it—Alfred Hitchcock. After a couple of excursions into romance with Rebecca and Suspicion, he's back at his old stand here with a straight thriller.

There have been a number of screen shows about spies recently. There hasn't been one that could hold a candle to Saboteur. Most of them were dated when they appeared, having been made before we were in the war. Most of them have had a tendency to build up sympathy for the Nazi rats by making them fugitives. Hitchcock has skillfully avoided these pitfalls.

His show is about a nice young aircraft-factory worker whose best friend is killed in an explosion. He's suspected of having had a hand in the sabotage and he becomes a fugitive from both government agents and the spy ring. On the track of the real saboteur, he goes from Glendale to a desert ranch; prevents the blowing up of a huge hydroelectric plant and moves on to New York in time to save a warship from destruction.

This bare outline can only give you

a slight idea of the exciting and dramatic moments in the show. There's a little of everything in Saboteur, including the most fabulous ending you can imagine. A pretty girl starts to turn the hero in and then joins up with him. A right-thinking truck driver helps him escape from pursuing deputies after he makes a stunning leap from a bridge. A circus troupe hides him temporarily.

What is important is that all these episodes in the show are linked together brilliantly. The film concentrates very rightly on the factory worker's stubborn chase after the saboteurs, although he himself is being chased. This double man hunt adds up to tremendous melodramatic power. Whether the hero is ostensibly joining the spy ring in a desert ghost town or is escaping from a fashionable Manhattan town house which is the headquarters of the Nazi gang, the story makes sense in addition to being spine-tingling.

There's some fine talk, too, although it never gets in the way of the action. When the head spy, played splendidly by Otto Kruger, tells the hero why he works for the Nazis, and the latter comes right back at him with an eloquent defense of democracy, the film is genuinely stirring. Fifth columnists in high places are satirized in scorching fashion. Here is first-rate propaganda and first-rate entertainment.

There are no big stars in the offering, but the players have been wisely selected. Robert Cummings is excellent as the hero. It's the best job I've ever seen him do. Priscilla Lane hasn't much of a role in the feminine lead, but she's attractive and effective. Murray Alper is fine as the friendly truck driver, and Norman

Lloyd and Alan Baxter make vicious minor saboteurs.

There are times when you may find the violence and excitement laid on a bit thick. For my money, it's absorbing and sustained. The great director hasn't missed many tricks in his new show. Since Hitchcock is the greatest melodrama maker of them all, it's small wonder that Saboteur is a picture that can't be missed.

(Universal.)

★★★★ **JUKE GIRL**
(for persuasive performances)

The timing is not good on this picture. It's pretty hard to get excited about migratory farm laborers in Florida at this particular moment in world history. Just the same, a top-flight cast and smooth direction make it recommended entertainment. A sort of Florida version of The Grapes of Wrath, the show has plenty of dramatic punch. The only catch is that it is a couple of years too late.

Like The Grapes of Wrath, the film deals with farmers on the move in their broken-down jalopies, following the crop seasons. Like the dramatization of the Steinbeck novel, it shows how they're exploited. On the side, it brings in the title by presenting a roving dance-hall girl who sings and swings in juke joints until a fellow who loves the soil gets her to settle down with him.

It's the make-believe which is the chief asset of Juke Girl. Ann Sheridan plays the title role with a great deal of conviction. This actress has been getting better in each successive show. She does a bang-up bit of acting as the stray who has jazz in her blood but stands up strongly for decency and justice. Ronald Reagan is even better as the farmer who breaks the strangle hold of a produce czar, even though he almost gets lynched in the attempt.

Then there are such excellent players as Richard Whorf, George Tobias, Gene Lockhart, and Howard da Silva to give depth and meaning to the personal drama. Kurt Bernhardt has staged the show simply and with considerable melodramatic effect. Juke Girl is solid entertainment, even though it's a bit out of key with contemporary issues.

(Warner Bros.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—My Favorite Blonde, Reap the Wild Wind, The Gold Rush, To Be or Not to Be, Mister V.

★★★—Moontide, Ship Ahoy, The Spoilers, Twin Beds, In This Our Life, The Great Man's Lady, Kipling's Jungle Book, The Tuttles of Tahiti, To the Shores of Tripoli, Rio Rita, The Male Animal, I Married an Angel, The Invaders, The Fleet's In, The Courtship of Andy Hardy, Song of the Islands, Roxie Hart, Ride 'Em Cowboy, Captains of the Clouds, Joe Smith, American.

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"COMMANDOS" FOR AMERICA

Continued from Page 11

joint session of the various units of the several conventions. As this earnest and stalwart officer, who had once been one of their members, explained the navy's and the nation's need, and asked their advice, their endorsement, their help, the meeting turned into a spontaneous patriotic rally. These men not only thundered their wholehearted endorsement but offered their services as organizations and individuals. More than 200 men, including many of the nation's most famous coaches and directors, came right up to Hamilton as soon as he finished speaking to offer their personal services in any capacity he might suggest.

The convention appointed a committee to confer with him and figure ways and means. This group included Mr. Badger, Major Griffith, Frank McCormick, director of athletics at the University of Minnesota; Elmer Mitchell of the University of Michigan; Ray Eckman of the University of Washington; Head Football Coach Lou Little of Columbia University; Commander John Whelchel and E. E. "Rip" Miller of the United States Naval Academy.

From this came in short order a formal draft of the overall plan and the formation of a Selection Board to choose the men best qualified to serve as coaches, directors, and trainers. Hamilton drew up the Proposed Physical Training Program for Naval Aviation, and passed it up to Captain Radford, where it was approved. It was not only a masterly job of planning but a forthright literary job as well. It stated, in part:

"The need for a physical program is very evident. Our pilots to be inducted into the naval service in general come from a soft, luxurious, loose-thinking, lazy, peacetime life in our homes and schools, and must be prepared physically and mentally to meet and defeat pilots and personnel of our enemies who have been thoroughly trained in a purposeful and wartime physical and mental system for years; in fact, from childhood.

"Our athletic programs have developed mental alertness, agility, initiative, and a sporting competitive spirit possibly superior to that of our enemies, but there is little question that their youth are stronger, tougher, better physically trained, and steeped in a nationalistic and fanatical frame of mind that drives them to carry out their ruthless methods of total warfare.

"No matter how mentally alert, agile, and clever an athlete may be in handball or other sports, he will be defeated invariably by an opponent only slightly less skillful and less imaginative, but who has a great superiority in strength, endurance, and a cold-blooded will which pushes aside all rules to win. So in war!!! The mission then is to train our pilots not only so they are more skillful in flying technique and knowledge, but in one year and subsequent training to place them on the

field of combat stronger and tougher, both physically and mentally. To accomplish this, our methods must be revolutionary as compared with our peacetime life. And the most intensive, rigorous, and comprehensive program of physical and mental training that the world has ever seen should be installed. *Time is short.*"

The completed picture was, and is, vast. Here, however, is the general



outline. Four "pre-flight centers" will be located at four colleges: the University of North Carolina, the University of Georgia, the University of Iowa, and St. Mary's College in California. Regionally and technically, these are listed as Eastern, Southern, Midwestern, and Far Western Induction Centers. The selection of North Carolina as the Eastern center is to avoid the snow and cold weather of the real East. This is concentrated, full-speed work, and every day must count.

To these several training centers the young flyers will come at the rate of 650 a month. The first two schools will open a few days after this article is published. The other two will begin the week of June 11. The trainees will arrive on regular schedule, 325 more reporting to each school every two weeks the year round. This preparatory course will last for three months. It's an indoctrination course, officially, with navy lore, military drill, seamanship, etc. included.

It is estimated that approximately 1,000 expert coaches, directors, trainers, and conditioners will be required to handle the physical work with these groups. These experts are first put through a special course of their own, in batches of 200, at the Naval Academy. Two groups have now completed their courses. They have been, or will be, commissioned and assigned to the four collegiate stations, ready to greet the first arrivals of the aerial commandos. They're made officers in the interests of strictest discipline.

These men have been chosen by the Selection Board set up by the college athletic authorities and working with Lieutenant Commander Hamilton and the naval officers associated with him. That Selection Board is impressive. Its members include: Major John L. Griffith, Commissioner of the Western Conference; Ray Eckman, Director of Athletics at the University of Washington; William J. Bingham, Director of Athletics at Harvard University; Elmer D. Mitchell, Director of Intramural Sports at the University of Michigan; Dr. Joseph Raycroft, of Princeton University; L. W. St. John,

Director of Athletics at Ohio State University; Jack Meagher, Director of Athletics and Head Football Coach at Alabama Polytechnic Institute; and Dr. Carl P. Schott, Director of Athletics at Pennsylvania State College.

From approximately 10,000 applicants they are selecting, with the greatest care and thoroughness, the 1,000 physical instructors. Names in that list are a major story on their own account. Many well known to sports pages and sports fans the nation over are in there without the slightest flag waving or fanfare. Head football coaches such as Bernie Bierman, mentor of Minnesota's national champions of the past two years; Sleepy Jim Crowley, the old Third Horseman, who left Fordham so fast he forgot to resign; Sam Barry, who left his new job as head of the famed Southern California Trojans; Paul William; "Bear" Bryant, the former Alabama Rose Bowl immortal, until now a member of the Vanderbilt staff; Tex Oliver, head coach at Oregon; Al McCoy, backfield coach and Dick Harlow's right eye at Harvard—that's the way they go. But they can't all be listed that way, unless you want to read a list of a thousand names and claims to athletic fame.

Rather, look at this partial breakdown of the first Instructors' Course of 200: head football coaches, 4; former All-America football players, 15 (Kostka, Minnesota; Haman, Northwestern; Bryant, Alabama; Mullins, Notre Dame; LaLanne, North Carolina; Zitrides, Dartmouth; Harmon, Pittsburgh; Killinger, Penn State; Boynton, Williams, etc., etc.); former professional football players, 13; head track coaches, 5 (Larry Snyder, Ohio State; Choc Sportsman, North Texas State Teacher's College, etc.); college boxing coaches, 3; college wrestling coaches, 4, plus Ed Don George, former heavyweight professional champion of the world, and before that Intercollegiate and Olympic champion, an alumnus of Michigan; baseball men, 5; basketball coaches and stars, 6; former college captains, 12; law-school



graduate, 1; men with Masters' degrees 11; and so on.

These men, and those yet to come, will move to their separate posts commissioned up to the rank of lieutenant commander. They will supervise, coach, and check a program of varsity and intramural sports. Sport isn't all the program, as has been explained, and Lieutenant Commander Hamilton wants it stressed that this isn't an effort to recruit athletes. It's primarily a plan to build physically fit flyers, and

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WILL
TELL YOU WHY

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athletics will be used in the conditioning. They aren't a requirement for entrance, and skill in them isn't a requirement for graduation. Still, it's figured that among 30,000 such young men great teams are inevitable, and plans are already set to give those teams an opportunity to enjoy the finest competition available as part of their training.

Here again the colleges have co-operated to the fullest. They've rearranged schedules, some of which have been set for as long as four years, to make room for these aviation units which don't, as yet, even exist. Harvey Harmon, who left the head football coaching job at Rutgers, will coach the new Naval Aviation football team at North Carolina. Jim Crowley, coach of Fordham's Sugar Bowl champions, will head the team at Georgia. Major Bernie Bierman, whose commission is in the marines, will lead the Iowa unit.



Tex Oliver, Oregon's head coach, will mentor the Far Western club at St. Mary's. That's football, of course. There are no particular baseball plans at the moment. This program includes all sports but will accent the heavy-duty sports involving bodily contact.

Their schedules, through the co-operation of the colleges, are already practically a football fan's dream. It's still quite a haul to autumn, and some of these dates may be changed, but as matters stand now, the Eastern (North Carolina) team will play the following thirteen games, on successive Saturdays beginning September 19: the Chicago Bears, Harvard, Dartmouth, Holy Cross, Boston College, Temple or Pittsburgh, Syracuse, Georgetown or Detroit, Manhattan, William and Mary, Georgia Naval Aviation, and Iowa Naval Aviation. The last two, of course, are their own Southern and Midwestern brethren.

But look at Bernie Bierman's schedule. He'll lead his Iowa Naval Aviation War Birds versus, in succession: Kansas, Northwestern, Minnesota, Michigan, Notre Dame, St. Mary's Naval Aviation, Indiana, open date, Georgia Naval Aviation, Nebraska, Ohio State, Missouri, and North Carolina Naval Aviation.

Can't you picture that scene at Minneapolis next October 3, when that great coach of great Gopher teams brings his new array of future national heroes home to his own stadium to play his own boys?

But that's the dessert, the window dressing, the public parade. The real conditioning licks will be without such pomp and panoply. These experts at

Annapolis are even tearing sports apart to see what parts of any individual sport can best serve in this project, and what parts, if any, can be temporarily discarded.

They're placing accent upon some not usually so prominent upon every campus, too. Tumbling, for instance. They're going to teach those lads how



to fall. That's valuable in parachute work. There'll be some boxing, but a lot of stress will be placed upon wrestling, and the crippling, even killing holds. Ed Don George, the former world champion, is heading this department of man-to-man combat. If it's to be a no-quarter war, these commando-trained war birds will be able to handle their half of it, if shot down unhurt and given the slightest chance to use their hands, knees, and feet against a patrol or a sentry.

As for swimming, speed strokes and fancy crawls are completely discarded, distance and endurance swimming stressed. The trainee will be shown how to support himself in the water for hours, how to swim with his clothing on, how to discard it, or part of it, in the water, how to swim in water covered with oil, how to swim in water even where oil is afire.

And so it goes through many chapters, each of which is a separate and unprecedented story, to a tremendous completeness that is the biggest, most ambitious, and most important sports story ever spread upon the minutes of any nation's history.

And why, precisely, sports?

Does anybody have to ask?

Says Captain Radford, "Competitive games, team games, as we've known them in our nation, have always developed the will to win in our youth. We want physical fitness, but with it that competitive edge, that love of a



challenge, that fearlessness and doggedness and quickness and brilliance without which no man is any good in a plane.

"We want men who'll drive into a fight, not veer away from it. Sports

build that sort of character, that sort of will to win."

The captain didn't say so, but it's obvious too that the quality of a candidate's courage can be pretty well discovered in a program such as this. If he hasn't the maximum, he doesn't belong here. A fighter who dives at a target and chokes at the last second is no good either to himself or to the cause. It means a lost life and a lost plane, and we don't want to lose either. In fact, the whole idea of this program is to keep from losing either. It's self-protection and self-preservation for those 30,000 a year that inspires the entire project.

Tommy Hamilton is as terse and businesslike as an official communiqué in his comment. "There's been considerable criticism," he says, "at various times of 'athletics for athletics' sake. This project is the utilization of athletics for something really important. We are all enthusiastically confident that they will prove their worth. This is to be real training. These men will be on training-table fare—all of them. The life will be monastic. There'll be no liberty except for these team trips and the program then will be that of any other athletic team in strictest training."

"This is strictly pre-flight preparation, but the plan won't be dropped as the men move along to their flight training. The hours will be different but we expect to integrate where and as we can a program of physical fitness that will go with them all the way. We're going to put them in top condition and keep them that way."

"We're going to put 30,000 champions a year in the sky for Uncle Sam. Uncle Sam rates it. Uncle Sam shall have it. It'll be a case of the best for the best!"



And the response from the youth of a luxury-loving democracy, required to accept three months of a physical regimen that is not even asked of a prizefighter, in order to roll hot dice with death beyond some blue horizon? Well, a month before those first schools were due to open—which is now—there were 40,000 applications for those first 30,000 places!

Alma Mater takes Wings!

Go, Navy! . . . not down that field, as those massed middies sing, but up . . . up! . . . up! . . . Faster! . . . Higher! . . . It's the American Commandos—the War Eagles of the Deep. . . . Keep 'Em Flying.

And when those Japs and Germans come under your sights, rewrite it to read, Keep 'Em Dying!

THE END

RADIO actress Madaline Lee is one of the girls who spend an afternoon a week dancing with sailors and soldiers at the Stage Door Canteen. I asked her how they stack up as steppers. . . . "The army dances a little better than the navy," she said. "Southern boys cut in a lot. Boys from farms like to make up new steps of their own as they go along. Pennsylvania boys seem fond of dancing the polka. Boys in the merchant marine get to be rumba experts by learning from South American señoritas. At the Stage Door we dance with about a thousand boys a week, and they all have nice manners. With the dancing we offer them floor shows, sandwiches, soft drinks, milk. Most of them prefer milk. They never start any rough stuff—and they don't walk on our feet!" . . . New York boys are the smoothest talkers, says Madaline. They seldom mention their student days, whereas other boys talk school or college. Dance tunes a year or two old are generally more popular than brand-new tunes, especially with boys from England. So far, the very best dancer Madaline has met was a British sailor. "Couldn't understand his accent at first," she says, "but I understood his feet right away." . . . In one respect nearly all the boys have guilty consciences: they confess it has been too long since they wrote home. . . . Neither army nor navy men know much about the insignia of the other service, though they dislike admitting it. So, before introducing them to each other, the girls tactfully whisper who's what. Of course the girls know. You bet they do!

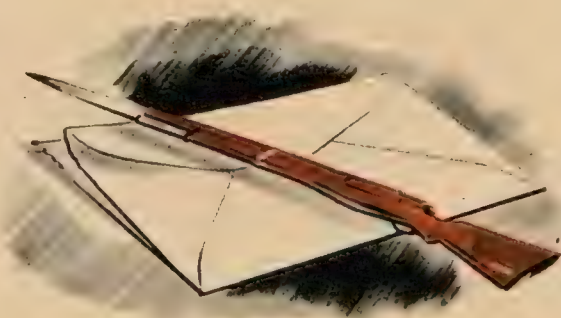
MET a divorce lawyer who has effected eight reconciliations among young couples during the past three years. "There's a trick to it," he said. "Few of them really want divorce; they just want a you-can't-do-this-to-me certificate. Soon as their papers are drawn up, I congratulate them; tell them they'll make wonderful partners in life—for two other people, and please to invite me to their next weddings. Then they stop and think—which is all that's necessary."

WASHINGTON wishes we'd make vacation arrangements early this year, because the war complicates all travel problems. Since women have a big say in vacation planning, I called on Bruce Macnamee, United States Travel Bureau director, for facts to guide us. Here's what I learned: To begin with, it is officially considered a mistake to think vacations in wartime are unpatriotic. Harder we work at war production, say government spokesmen, the more surely we need rest and change. Question is where, when, how? For inveterate auto tourists, research is being made both in the United States and Canada as to the best trips an average family can take on 500 miles' worth of tires. The great trend, however, is toward vacation travel by rail. Excursions are be-



ing organized as never before. War industries must stagger their vacation periods throughout all seasons, so warm-weather resorts are in demand as well as cool spots for summer. No boat rides on either coast this year, because of submarines. Every state now maintains a publicity bureau from which you can get full resort information. Do it now.

COLORFUL war notes from Honolulu by Hawaii magazine columnist Ellen Bairos: First shop-window display of fashions with the models wearing gas masks. . . . Night-blooming cereus in blossom on a barbed-wire entanglement. . . . Lilies planted around an Oahu Avenue bomb shelter. . . . January, month after Pearl Harbor, set the highest marriage record in Hawaiian Islands history!



THE handwritten word has become a style item of note now that girls pen so many letters to army and navy men. Smartest novelty is the contrast of light-colored pastel ink on dark-toned paper. New inks are dusty rose, sky blue, cactus green. Chirography analyst, Nadya Olyanova, says an uphill slant in your writing signifies optimism; a downhill slant the reverse. . . . Latest letter opener, miniature rifle with fixed bayonet; costs \$1.20. . . . New and attractive is Judith's leaf-shaped corsage pin of ceramic, holding a few drops of water—enough to keep orchids fresh so you can wear 'em two or three times. Swell \$5 present for a June bride.

NOW'S the time to try this old Hudson River Dutch recipe for *Cherry Duff*, a particularly good fresh-fruit pudding: . . . Mix 4 cups pitted red cherries with 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 cup sugar. More sugar if cherries are very tart. Place fruit in deep buttered dish. Prepare biscuit dough, sifting together 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch of salt, pinch of cinnamon. Lightly stir in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cream and add 2 tablespoons melted butter. Fit dough over top of dish; steam pudding 45 minutes; brush crust with melted butter and brown under broiler. Serve hot with cinnamon-flavored cream.

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING

BY ANNE HOMER WARNER

Once in a while a girl can spot a double-cross in time—especially when love comes into the picture

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ABBIE was horrified when Tim Bradford asked her for a date. Tim was Judith's man, and Judith was her best friend in college, the one person in all the world who made life possible and wonderful and even exciting. The trouble was, Tim had been so very casual that she didn't know how to call it off. A bunch of them had been sitting around in the hall, and he'd muttered, "If we're both hungry, I'll buy you a sandwich after the concert tomorrow, Abbie. What'll it be, a hamburger?" And she'd been so surprised that before she could answer he'd wandered off.

Now she couldn't very well call up the Sig House and say primly, "I'm sorry, Tim, but I'm not hungry, and I don't want to see you. Judith might not like it." She'd sound ridiculous, and she'd be making an issue, and she could practically hear all the boys at the Sig House laughing at her.

Judith had so many men, she probably wouldn't mind. But still Abbie felt uncertain and miserable about it. And to ease her conscience she wore her old brown dress to the concert. Judith said the velveteen collar was childish and Abbie agreed with her. But she wasn't going to wear one of her new dresses for a boy who was deliberately turning her into a two-timer. She wasn't going to put on any perfume, either, or do her hair in that new upsweep off her forehead. Obscurely she felt that if she went to the concert looking like the drab old Abbie who had first come to Freeman, it would seem less as though she were having a date afterward.

Judith came in while she was defiantly combing her brown hair into the old droop back of her ears. And

she said in surprise, "Gracious, Abbie, where did you get that rag? It's too long, for one thing."

Abbie smiled uncertainly. "I have sort of a headache," she said. "I didn't feel like fixing up much."

"Why, honey, that's a shame!" Judith whipped off her fur turban and matching fur gloves. Her black eyes were bright with concern. Her glossy black hair fell to her shoulders, and she was wearing a green sweater blouse that was snug and utterly delectable. "I'll fix you some aspirin," she said. "Maybe you shouldn't go to the concert at all."

"Maybe I shouldn't," Abbie said hopefully—for when Judith was sweet like this, it made her feel guiltier than ever. "The only trouble is I'd have to speak to the house mother . . ."

"I know, and then she'd send you over to the D. A., because this concert is required. I guess the aspirins will do the trick."

And Judith bustled about, being



Tim and Judith danced off. The boys grouped around Abbie at the table. "Abbie's the prettiest freshman on the campus," Nat said.



ILLUSTRATED BY
BARBARA SCHWINN

helpful and kind, the way she always had been ever since Abbie had come to college. And watching her hunting up the medicine and chatting along so cheerfully, Abbie felt the old gratitude well up in her. For Judith had really made college possible. She was a junior, and tremendously popular, and on that very first day she'd seen that Abbie was scared and lonely and hopelessly old-fashioned. So she'd taken her in hand and taught her how to dress and act, and where to go and whom to see.

COLLEGE was so different from home. Of course college boys weren't boys. They were grown men. That was the hard thing to understand, thought Abbie. It was easy, back in high school. Those boys were just little kids, but they had seemed to like her, and somehow it was easy to talk to them. She didn't worry about her lipstick or whether her clothes looked just so. It certainly was simpler to get dates in high school.

Abbie didn't know how she ever could have managed without Judith as a roommate. She wouldn't have known what to wear, or which fraternities rated or any of the important things; and she wouldn't have had any dates at all.

But Judith had seen to all that. She

had made Abbie discard all the old clothes—or else shorten the skirts and add bits of color, and snug blouses, and bows for her hair. And she'd included her in lots of parties and dates, and those wonderful times when whole gangs of them bundled into cars and went swooping off to dance and drink beer.

She had told her about drinking too—about how you had to if you weren't going to be a droop; and she'd taught her how to smoke, using short bright little holders. And, most of all, she'd taught her how you should act with men—letting your lashes brush down and then up, and leading them on to talk about themselves, and acting gay and excited even when you didn't feel that way.

Even now Abbie couldn't understand how she'd been so lucky, or why Judith should bother about a girl who was shy and didn't have the slightest idea how to talk to boys or anything else that was so important. It seemed like a dream, the way Judith, who was so striking and assured and witty, had started right in carting her around with the gang, and helping her be popular. And if they were at a party, and Abbie suddenly became too quiet, Judith would say, "What's the matter with my little mouse tonight? Snap out of it, Abbie. Tell 'em that story

you were giving me about your English prof."

So then Abbie would pull herself together and tell the story and maybe have another glass of beer because the others were, and feel part of things again. It was unbelievable, and it was wonderful too. . . . And sometimes she tried to tell Judith how grateful she was. Now Judith was holding out the aspirins and water and saying, "Drink this, honey. I can't have a sick freshman on my hands!"

Abbie remembered about the date and smiled weakly. "Oh, it isn't very bad," she said. "In fact, it's practically gone."

Judith brought out a new lipstick of a brilliant offshade, and did a careful job on her mouth. She added a touch of mascara to her short black lashes. Her black eyes sparkled knowingly. "That new man who's visiting Bob Crawford is taking me out tonight. He insisted on a twosome, but I guess, since you've a headache, you wouldn't want to come along anyhow." She eyed Abbie critically. "You certainly look like something the cat dragged home, honey!"

Abbie stared at her reflection in the mirror, and saw with misgiving the quiet little face that was so hard to make interesting! She saw that her chin looked too young and rounded

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over the velvet collar, and that the widely spaced brown eyes seemed suddenly a little frightened. . . . Judith was right: She certainly did look like something the cat had dragged home. . . .

"I'm darn sure you wouldn't want to go on a date in that rig!" Judith said.

"That's true," Abbie agreed guiltily—and started to add that she was going to have a sort of date. And then she stopped; she didn't know quite why. Lately Judith had been seeing more of Tim Bradford than any one. He was a big man on the campus, and she said that was important. He was a senior and a member of Student Council, and after the war he was going to study medicine. Judith said he was a stick, but she said it with a provocative little smile that made Abbie know she really liked him.

SO Abbie decided, with a surge of relief, that probably Tim had forgotten all about that remark about the sandwiches, and if she hurried she could slip out of the auditorium without seeing him. "I think I'll go to bed right after the concert," she said with determination.

"That's the girl!" Judith said. "We have a big week ahead of us, honey."

Abbie felt the familiar quickening of excitement. "You're—you're awfully nice to let me go along," she said.

"Think nothing of it!" Judith said. "You're good company when you don't retire into that little shell of yours. . . . For goodness' sake, Abbie, put on some lipstick!"

"All right," Abbie said—and vowed she'd sneak down the back stairs after the concert. She wouldn't two-time Judith. Not for anything!

But it didn't work that way, after all. A lot of them stayed to applaud, and she hurried down the back stairs the way she had planned—and there was Tim Bradford waiting for her.

"Hungry?" he asked, and he linked his arm through hers. "You're looking swell, Abbie. So you thought you'd sneak out on me!"

"Oh, no!" Abbie said, realizing with despair that every one always saw through her. "I just had sort of a headache," she added lamely.

He grinned. "A cup of coffee will fix that up. We'll go to Jake's, where there won't be a crowd, because there's something I want to talk to you about!"

Jake's was down near the railroad, and the truck drivers stopped there because the coffee was strong and good. There was a long shiny counter and two booths. Tim chose one of the booths and ordered hamburgers along with the coffee, and offered Abbie a cigarette. She took one, and remembered to bring out the little red holder, and then, when Tim was holding the match, to reward him with an alluring smile.

That was one of Judith's dictums. Even the lighting of a cigarette should be made to count. But Tim didn't seem to notice. He took a hefty bite

of his hamburger, and a deep draft of the coffee, and then, without looking at her, plunged into his piece. "I've elected myself to play the big-brother role, Abbie," he said. "You won't thank me for it, but you're running with the wrong gang around here."

He frowned at the red-checked tablecloth, and Abbie, watching in astonishment, saw that his brows bristled when he drew them together, and that his chin was strong and square. It was strange how they leaped into a new perspective—every detail of that rugged and familiar face. She had always thought of Tim Bradford as a prominent and attractive senior—entirely out of her reach. But now a strange thing was happening. Abbie didn't understand it, and she hardly heard anything he was saying—she was too startled by this queer, unreasonable feeling.

He finished off the coffee and turned toward her. "What do you say?" he asked. "You're not mad at me, Abbie?"

"About what?" she asked inanely, because she really hadn't grasped a thing he'd said.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "Weren't you even listening? You're going to get into a heap of trouble, Abbie, trying to keep up with that crowd. It's all right for upper classmen, but you don't know your way around. I'll bet you never even had a drink before you came here. How about it?"

He grinned companionably, and something inside her melted into a hundred miserable pieces. She wished his eyes weren't so dark and kind and that he wouldn't smile in such a friendly big-brother way. "How about it?" he asked again. "Ever done any drinking before, Abbie?"

"Why, yes," she said confusedly. "Daddy always has wine on Christmas and Thanksgiving."

HE groaned again. "Wine on Christmas! I knew it! If you were my sister, I'd lay down some laws! I know it's none of my business, but there are lots of things for freshmen around here—press club and dramatics." He shrugged. "You know. Things for new kids like you, who haven't been around much. It's different with girls like Judith Baynes," he said. "They're playing the good-time game, and they know all the rules. And of course the boys like to go around with them and have a good time too. But you, Abbie . . . you're out of your depth. You shouldn't try to keep up."

He grinned good-naturedly, and that was when she understood, quite clearly and suddenly. Tim wanted her out of the way. He didn't like to have her spoiling the good times. The hurt was so deep that she flared up at him. "I'm not sure that it's any of your business," she said abruptly. "I've been getting along all right!"

"So far! Abbie, don't look like that. I've put my foot in it, I guess."

Abbie was so afraid she would cry that she had to say rude and dreadful things. Tim was going in the army when he graduated from college.

And she'd never felt this way before about any one. And she didn't want to feel this way. It hurt too much! "I'm not aware," she said crisply, "that I've tried to set up any rules for your life, Tim. I had an idea that was pretty much up to you!"

He flushed. "I was afraid you'd take it like that," he said. "But, on the other hand, I thought you were a pretty sensible type of girl."

A pretty sensible type of girl! Somehow she knew she couldn't stand much more of this. . . .

"I thought it was worth a try," he said glumly. "But have it your own way, Abbie."

"That's just what I will do," she said in a hard bright voice. "And I think I'd better go now, Tim."

But when they were outside she couldn't keep the hardness. It slipped away into this strange, unfamiliar feeling. There was snow on the ground, and it was dark and starry too. Tim took her arm to pilot her over the slippery walks, and she could feel his bigness beside her. He was slowing his usual strides to match hers. She knew so many things about him that she'd never dreamed of before.

They didn't say very much on the way home; but when they reached the house steps she gathered all her wits together and managed a very cool good night.

But he only grinned in that hateful big-brother way. And then he said, in a quiet, serious voice, "Don't hold it against me, will you, Abbie?"

"Oh, no. I may be tempted to do the same myself some day!" she replied airily.

And then she hurried inside, because in the starlight it was always possible to detect tears . . . and even more she was afraid there would be an idiotic waver in her voice.

SHE hurried past the girls grouped around in the hall, and ran up the two flights of stairs to her room. Judith was there, in a green-striped house coat, writing letters. And Abbie, looking around her, had the strangest feeling, as though she was a different person than the one who had left this room.

You couldn't describe it, you couldn't even put your finger on it, when you had a wretchedness that burned clear through everything you'd always thought mattered. But the queerest part was that Abbie knew that, even if she could, she wouldn't relinquish it and go back to being the girl who had gone off this evening to the concert—before Tim had spoken as he had, before she had found out how she really felt about Tim. That girl didn't exist any more. In her place was some one who was numb and confused, and filled with an exquisite awareness, a kind of taut, trembling misery. And somehow she knew that this helpless misery was more important than anything else could ever be.

Judith looked up from her letters then, and said, "Abbie Sheldon, what's



"Go ahead and say it—about the only place there isn't any inflation is on my report card!"

happened? You look as though you'd been crying!"

Abbie glanced quickly in the mirror and saw a strange girl with flushed cheeks and starry eyes and a look that had never been there before. Immediately she turned away and started undressing. She had to keep moving, bustling about. And all the time she was thinking, Tim, Tim, why did you do this to me? Why couldn't you leave me alone?

JUDITH went back to her letters. "With Christmas coming up, I've got a lot of arrangements to make at home," she said; and added brightly, "I've fixed it up with Don for tomorrow night. A bunch of us are going to the Tavern. You, too, of course."

Abbie knew how that would be. A gang over at the Tavern, and a juke box, and beer, and every one trying new steps on the dance floor. And no matter how hard she tried—laughing at their jokes and being bright and gay—no matter how hard she tried, she'd feel like a fifth wheel, some one the boys had to dance with and be nice to because she was Judith's roommate. And she didn't want that now. She didn't want to see any one.

But of course that was out of the question. And the next night she put on the new dress—blue and gold with bright spangles on the blouse. Judith had picked out the dress for her because, she said, Abbie must overcome the tendency to be mousy. But tonight it turned out she'd made a mistake. When Judith saw her she said, "I'm sorry, honey, but I'm wearing blue, a different shade, and yours would kill mine deader than a door-knob. Wear something dark, there's a good girl!"

Abbie was surprised but just as glad. She put on a black wool dress with a wide belt, and she saw in the mirror that she still had that feverish aware look, and she hoped, with a kind of mute despair, that nobody would notice.

If she played up—if she did her very best . . . But she hadn't counted

on Tim Bradford being along. He was at the wheel of the car when they all piled in. He gave her a quizzical glance, as much as to say, "I see you didn't take my advice!" And right then she felt that dread twist in her heart, and knew that it wasn't any use. She couldn't play up. If she could keep from crying, that was the best she could do.

She sat in the back, between Nat and Bill. And when they spoke to her she managed a miserable sort of half smile. Judith was in front with Tim and Don Manners. And she was at her best that night—knowing and gay. She had slipped her arm through Tim's, and most of the time she was holding hands with Don too.

Once she looked back and said, "What's eating you, Abbie? I haven't heard a peep out of you yet!"

Abbie tried that miserable smile again, and Nat said protectively, "Abbie's doing fine. She's mighty good company, isn't she, Bill?"

ABBIE was vaguely surprised. Nat had never noticed her before, when she'd tried so hard to be witty and modern and claim his attention. . . . And probably now that he'd made that remark she should fling back some bright reply. But she couldn't. She could only smile vaguely and stare at the way the headlights streamed in front of them down the road.

When they arrived at the Tavern they all trooped in as though they owned the place. They chose the best table and Don put five nickels in the juke box to get things going. Judith threw off her fur coat and lifted her arms so Tim would dance with her. She swayed with the music, and her glossy black hair swept back and forth on her shoulders. "Come on, big boy!" she said.

Tim grinned companionably and they danced off. Nat asked Abbie to dance, but she simply couldn't. "Not right now," she said apologetically. And she could feel the numbness and the awareness and the excitement of being in love—like a mysterious and paralyzing force.

The boys ordered beer and grouped around her at the table. And the funny part was, they didn't seem to mind her being so quiet.

"I like dresses with a big wide belt and little buttons," Don said unexpectedly.

And Nat nodded agreement. "Abbie's the prettiest freshman on the campus," he said. "The most mysterious, too, because you never know what's going on behind those brown eyes of hers."

Abbie smiled weakly, and the boys stared in open admiration. And then the music stopped, and Judith laughed and twirled and lifted her arms because a new tune was starting. But Tim shook his head. "Me for a little rest and refreshment," they could hear him say.

But when he reached the table he drew up a chair between Abbie and Don. "How are you making out?" he

asked. And then in a lower voice he said, "Abbie, you're so damn pretty tonight."

Something squeezed tight in her heart. She couldn't bear it. She couldn't. . . . His voice was deep and low, and he was just trying to cheer her up. She knew that.

Nat nodded agreement. "I was telling Don, our visiting Sig, that Abbie is the prettiest freshman on the campus, but maybe I shouldn't have said freshman, at that!"

Don was openly admiring now. "Come on, Abbie," he urged. "Tell us about yourself. Tell us what you like best, for instance."

"I don't know," Abbie said breathlessly, "I honestly don't know." And she lapsed into silence.

She felt utterly foolish, but the boys didn't seem to mind. "Attagirl," Tim said. "Don't give yourself away."

But Judith said sharply, "Snap out of it, Abbie! No need acting as though this was some sort of funeral."

Nat came to her rescue with a friendly grin. "Abbie's all right," he said at once. "If she doesn't feel like talking, why should she? This is a free country!"

The others seemed to agree, and the music played on and on. The place was filling up with the usual crowd. And as the hours progressed, Judith became shrill and hectic and overly gay. She danced with one boy after another. The sleek blue of her dress made her dark hair shine. Her lips were full and red, her eyes sparkled; her conversation had never been so cryptic and witty. But whenever they returned to the table, the boys gravitated to Abbie, vying with each other as to who could sit near her the longest.

Finally Judith looked in the mirror of her compact and said, "A little make-up is indicated. Come on, Abbie. Let's do ourselves over!"

ABBBIE followed numbly, not caring in the least about doing herself over but falling naturally into her usual obedience to Judith's suggestions. In the dressing room she dutifully powdered her nose.

But Judith snatched the compact out of her hand. "Before you do that, Abbie, I'd like to have a few words with you. Now! This moment!"

Her eyes blazed, her mouth was thin and tight. "You're killing the evening," she snapped. "Sitting there all glum like that! If you keep it up it's the last date I take you on. Do you hear? Snap out of it. Have some pep for a change. Dance, laugh. You've never been like this before."

"I've never felt like this before," Abbie said slowly. "I'm sorry. I honestly can't help it."

"You'd just better help it!" Judith flung out. "What do you suppose I cart you along for? So you'll paralyze all the boys in the vicinity?"

"I've never known quite why you carted me around," Abbie said. But suddenly, in that moment, she did know. It was all clear, blazingly self-evident. She could read it in Judith's

taunting black eyes; and she wondered she hadn't realized it before. Because Judith took her around simply as a foil for herself. A dumb freshman trying to play up—what better contrast to the wise and knowing Judith! A poor imitator, so obviously trying and failing! That kind of competition was no competition at all. She could say tolerantly, "Look at my little mouse!" And draw attention to her own bright sparkle.

And Abbie saw, with a miserable certainty, that Judith had had that in mind all along. She had wanted her to wear the same kind of clothes—though never quite as vivid and daring. To use the same technique with men—but use it badly and obviously. Judith would shine, with a humble imitator at her heels. And that's what she was after.

"I'VE never known quite why," Abbie said again. "The boys are being awfully nice to me, Judith. Don't you want them to be?"

Judith's lips twisted scornfully. "Not that way, I don't! Wrecking the evening, putting every one else in the shade with that big-eyed madonna look of yours!"

"But you like putting me in the shade," Abbie pointed out reasonably. And suddenly she wasn't in awe of Judith any more, or afraid of her, or even impressed. She was free now. She needn't even feel grateful. . . . Judith had twisted her first months at college, tried to turn her into another girl. And maybe she would have succeeded if it hadn't been for Tim . . . if she hadn't been swamped by a feeling that was so real that nothing else mattered. . . .

"How about it!" Judith snapped again. "Stop staring at me, Abbie; I've had about enough!"

"So have I," Abbie said flatly. "I'm not going to use that technique any more, Judith. It's too much of an effort. What's more, the boys see through it. I'm sorry, but I'm going back to where I started."

Judith was taken aback then. She turned away and faced the mirror. She applied the lipstick and mascara. "I get it," she said at last. "You've hit on a new method that suits you better!"

And that should have hurt but, strangely, it didn't. Abbie felt obscurely sorry for Judith, who would have to hunt around for another imitator.

"Not exactly," she said; "but I think I should room with a freshman, Judith. Dot Latham has a double alone. Tim says I should do more freshman things . . ."

"Tim!" Judith said bitterly. "So you've got him now!"

"Oh, no!" Abbie said quickly, because of course that wasn't true. He was just being kind and brotherly and giving her advice. And, remembering that, she felt again the quick despair that had held her in a sort of stupor all evening.

Judith frowned. "For goodness' sake, come along then. But put on

some lipstick first. You look a fright."

Abbie glanced in the mirror and saw vaguely that her hair was golden brown and her cheeks pink with excitement. "I don't think I need any more right now," she said firmly.

That was the first time she hadn't accepted Judith's dictum about her appearance. And, curiously, it marked the end of something for them both.

Judith shrugged. "Have it your own way. I'm going home. I never spent a worse evening. And I think you're right about Dot Latham. She's another mouse, so you two should do very well together!"

Her tone was scathing, but somehow Abbie didn't mind being called a mouse any more, either. The way Judith said it made it sound, in a way, almost like a compliment.

They went back to their table, and Tim said at once, "I'm taking you home now, Abbie. The rest are coming later, in Bob Crawford's car."

He spoke in that easy brotherly way she'd learned to dread. Probably he thought she was staying out too late and shouldn't try to keep up with the older crowd.

But Judith intervened. "I was just telling Abbie that the evening was dead and we'd better all be going along," she announced brightly.

Obviously the boys had arranged things between them, for they protested at once. Nat put a nickel in the juke box, and Don said, "So soon, Jude? That's not like you! How about a twirl first?"

JUDITH looked at him questioningly. Then she turned to Tim. The glance she gave him was long and baffled, but it resolved finally into the old triumphant sparkle. She twirled on her toes and turned back to the other boys. Her glossy black hair bobbed on her shoulders. Her voice was high and a little shrill. "Run along, you two," she said. "We're going to have ourselves a time. How about it, boys?"

And then she was dancing off in Don's arms, her shoulders swaying in time to the music, her lips curved in the old possessive smile. And the bright bitter words she called back to them were lost in the shuffle of noise.

Tim helped Abbie into her leopard jacket, and when they were outside in the snowy darkness he heaved a big sigh. "Well, that took some maneuvering on my part!" he said.

And all Abbie's courage ebbed



away. They were alone in the dark—Tim, big and familiar, beside her. And she mustn't, she simply mustn't give herself away. With an effort she managed to summon again that brittle and caustic air. "It's hard work being a chaperon, isn't it?" she inquired brightly.

"A chaperon! So that's what you think, do you?" Tim asked in astonishment.

He switched on the car lights and tucked the robe around her knees. And she couldn't bear it. She couldn't possibly . . .

"I don't blame you, Abbie," he said gently. "You just don't know, that's all."

He started the car and drove slowly, his eyes on the snowy shaft of light. He spoke haltingly, with considerable effort. "I'm going into the army in a few months," he said. "If it wasn't for that, I wouldn't be telling you this, Abbie. But I have only a short time more of college, and then maybe I won't be seeing you for a while. It changes everything. I don't know how you feel . . . I mean—oh, Abbie darling, you know what I mean!"

SHE didn't—didn't at all. She had heard the break in his voice and the strange jumble of words. And she felt as though she couldn't stand this heavy pounding of her heart. It was like a nightmare in which you see one clear beam of light, but all the time you know quite well it can't really be there at all.

"You don't have to tell me how you feel, Abbie," he said. "I wanted you to know, anyhow. You see, it's been this way with me from the very first, when I saw you tagging after Judith, looking so solemn and scared and sweet. . . . I knew how you were underneath. And I couldn't help loving you, Abbie. . . ." He was driving very slowly, and he took one of her mittened hands in his. "You're not saying anything," he said. "You're not mad at me, Abbie?"

"Mad?" she asked in a strange tight voice. Because this couldn't be real, it just couldn't be. . . . And then, when he saw she was crying, he stopped the car. And there was a kind of triumph in his voice.

"I never dreamed," he said. "I never imagined . . ." And when he kissed her she knew that this was different from anything that had ever happened before. This was the most important thing in life.

THE END

BY KATY

WE'VE GOT TO STOP GOING AROUND TOGETHER. PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO TALK!



BETTER LEARN to walk pretty quick, Junior. When the family car gives out, you'll have to start walking, too.

No use crying. It's the war, you know. So give Dad this tip. Tell him that Sinclair Dealers have developed a special Sinclair-ize service that makes cars last longer. Tell Dad that just as American railroads, airlines and the U. S. Army use Sinclair lubricants to save wear on vital transportation equipment, so can Sinclair Dealers use specialized Sinclair lubricants to save wear on your family's car.

Tell Dad to ask his nearby Sinclair Dealer about this service today. He'll find that Sinclair-ize service can save him money and worry, too.

WHERE SINCLAIR-IZE SERVICE SAVES WEAR

 TIRES	 BATTERY	 GEARS	 MOTOR	 FRONT WHEELS
 RADIATOR	 CHASSIS	 FAN BELT	 SPARK PLUGS	 OIL AND AIR FILTER

SAVE WEAR WITH
SINCLAIR

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY

ARMY BOYS PLAY "THE WOMEN"

Corporal Richard Willett, seated, directed The Women at Lowry Field, De



Cavorting in wigs and feminine frills, airmen at Denver's Lowry Field take a flyer in the drama



From barber shop to beauty shop! Here's where the dirt is dished in The Women.



THE PLAYERS, of Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado, like to do things the hard way. When they decided to put on a show, they chose *The Women*, a play that hasn't a man in the cast. The pictures on these pages prove that all the make-up experts aren't in Hollywood. And the howls that went up during the performance showed that Norma Shearer, Roz Russell, Joan Crawford, and the other movie lovelies who played in the screen version of the Clare Boothe comedy aren't the only ones who can put over witty lines.

Corporal Richard Paul Willett was the director and also acted the part of Edith—the lady whose life was just one baby after another. Mary was played by Private Jack D. Fitz-Hugh; Sylvia, Roz Russell's part on the screen, by Private Adrian Schultz; Crystal by Sergeant Robert L. Dark, Jr., and Peggy by Corporal Paul Stewart.

There has been talk of taking the show to a theater in downtown Denver and letting the general public in on it. If that happens, some of the ad-libbed lines will have to come out. It's a pity, too, for, from all accounts, they were the ones that brought forth the lustiest laughs from the audience at the air base.

Photographed exclusively for Liberty by Pat Coffey

OF FREE-LANCE PHOTOGRAPHERS GUILD



make-up miracles—and lots of padding—tough guys into these dazzling femmes.



A well padded model parades before admiring salesgirls in another scene from *The Women*.



The "girls" gather for bridge and gossip in the heroine's living room—and the fun begins!



Crystal and Norma Shearer have it out while friends eavesdrop. If you're interested, Norma Shearer was Mary on the screen; Joan Crawford, Crystal.



Peggy, right, brings Edith, who has just had a "blessed event," up to date on the latest scandals brewing in the giddy world of *The Women*.



A close-up of a section of the large and appreciative audience that saw the play.



A line-up that is definitely an eyeful—the all-soldier cast in an all-women show.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

HOLLYWOOD'S CECIL B. DE MILLE

is celebrating his thirtieth anniversary in pictures. Liberty contributes to the gayety of the occasion with the penetrating close-up by Frederick Van Ryn which begins in this issue. It reveals him as a colorful, salty, fascinating figure—an ebullient gentleman who would have been a gorgeous character in fiction. It doesn't say much about his more serious side.

Cecil De Mille is not a mere maker of fabulous pictures. He is a keen, incisive, inspiring thinker. Listen to some of the things he said when he was called upon to speak at one of the festivities which marked his anniversary celebration.

"FREEDOM IS A SIMPLE WORD,

so familiar that, like the mainspring of a clock, we are not conscious of it until it stops. Freedom is a blessing that we take so much for granted that we don't appreciate it any more than we did our automobile tires. We just can't conceive of not being allowed to speak as we please, to work as we please, to read what we please, to listen to whatever radio program we please, and to kneel to the God who made us in whatever church we please.

"This is the first war in which the entire population of the nation is on the front, because the front goes completely around the world; nor is there any place to which we can retreat. Never before has every newborn baby and every bent old man been on the field of battle. The nation needs to get mad—forget hours and profits, roll up its sleeves, and go to work. We are just beginning to hear the distant rumble and roar of the assembly lines throughout the nation. We are just beginning to forget partisanship and organize efficiently our brains, our genius, and our vast labor powers with one single aim—victory. The stupidity of partisanship is treason. Not until the unity, power, and determination of the people replaces the wasteful and wishful thinking of the past tragic years of self-admiration and self-satisfaction can we rightfully pay for our brave wounded, and our dead. Those dead must not have died in vain.

"LIBERTY IS A WOMAN—A BEAUTIFUL,

desirable, and very jealous woman. No woman likes to be taken for granted. Look at her out there in New York harbor. No Hollywood glamour girl can equal her attraction as she stands there holding her torch aloft, with the ocean at her feet and the stars in her hair. She is not to be won by idlers nor held by complacency. She demands an offensive against the forces that are pledged to destroy us—against intolerance and bigotry, against the savage dictators—and the petty racketeers who would be dictators. She demands an offensive that combines the pride of the past with the might of the present—to end for all time invasion against the rights of the free men who protest their love for her. Those are her terms, and none but the brave deserve the fair.

"Whatever the future of the motion-picture industry may be, it is bound up with a free America. And America will last, ladies and gentlemen. It is the oldest country on earth. It was conceived in the mind of the first man to wear chains—and before that, in the mind of God."

Those, we submit, are words to put away in one's heart.

LIBERTY CONTRIBUTORS ARE LIVING

the drama of these flaming days as well as writing about it. . . . Annalee Whitmore Jacoby, since last we spoke of her on this page, has had a thrilling escape with her husband from the Philippines to Australia. Through the mine fields and the Jap blockade around Bataan they slipped in a small boat. A Jap plane spotted them twice

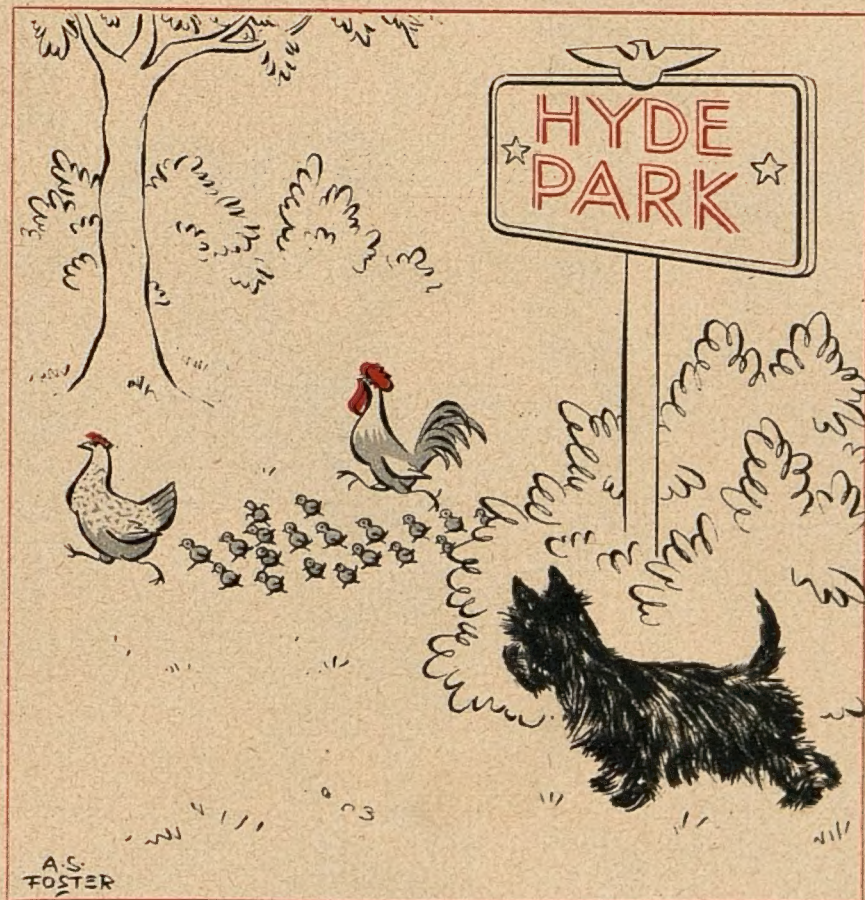
as they went from island to island, traveling only at night. They narrowly escaped an enemy destroyer and an auxiliary cruiser. Another ship chased them into a rain squall. Somehow they made it—and in the sudden peace of Melbourne Mrs. Jacoby assembled her facts and impressions and memories for the illuminating article, sent us by radio, which begins on page 19 of this issue. She had just finished it when word came that her husband, Melville Jacoby, had been killed in a plane crash. . . . Word of two other Liberty contributors who have been close to the war comes in a letter from one of them. "I read with pleasure your remarks about Beatrice Grimshaw and her Port Moresby background in your April 25 issue," writes James Francis Dwyer. "Yesterday there came to us a work put out by Melbourne University; in it Beatrice Grimshaw is listed with all her works. 'For many years,' it says, 'she resided in Port Moresby. Recently she joined her brother in New South Wales.' I thought you would be pleased to read of her present residence. We were not as intelligent as Beatrice. We stayed in France till the French collapsed and thereby earned much trouble."

AND ANOTHER CONTRIBUTOR

who knows the war at first hand brings you next week an account of his experience which is as vivid and thrilling a document as these times have produced. Cecil Brown, Columbia Broadcasting System foreign correspondent, has had an adventurous life, but no more desperate adventure has befallen him than what happened when the British warship Repulse was sunk. He was on it, and lived to tell the tale—which he has done for Liberty. It's a memorable thing to read.

The Editors

FALA



"Oh—convoyed!"

"DEFINITELY ONE OF THE FINEST..."

An editor pores over mountains of manuscripts a year, is seldom touched by sentiment, hardly ever lavish in his praise of any one particular story.

But when I received this moving comment on "Lead Us Not Into Temptation," I had the immediate urge to pass this editor's reactions along to our readers — verbatim.

I heartily agree that we have here a truly *great* personal history — magnificent, delightful, unforgettable — and I am certain you will agree, too.

Henry Liebrant

Editor of True Story

TRUE STORY MAGAZINE • Manuscript Department
TO Mr. Lieferant
FROM: R.W.

RE: "LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION"

Let us print this story at once! Definitely one of the finest I have read in years! It moved me so strongly that -- I must confess -- even I wept! Outstanding from every angle -- superbly told, gripping and human. An intimate drama whose deep romantic interest, brilliant characterizations held me spellbound.

I was reluctant to lay this story aside. Frankly, I even took the manuscript home with me to re-read several passages. We shall hit a new high with this type of TRUE STORY material!

BY ALL MEANS READ **"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION"** BRILLIANT NEW TRUE SERIAL NOVEL

LET'S ESCAPE TO PARADISE — Matt just wanted to marry Donna, not her whole bigoted family! But he didn't count on the schemes of her Sister Eve, Brother Ernest and Sister Josie... Don't miss this fascinating *book-length* true novel, complete in this issue!

THE BRIDE CAME HOME — even on their wedding night the ghost of an old love, a former yearning returned to haunt this sacred union!

30 THRILLING ADVENTURES IN ROMANCE!

True Story

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

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NOW ONLY



JUNE

Want to win a dollar? Try this Raleigh bet!



- 1.** "As I was getting ready for the dance, I heard my roommates arguing about cigarettes. I offered to bet 'em a lipstick I could pick my Raleighs just by the color of the tobacco.



- 2.** "I let the girls take my Raleighs and their own three brands—hide the labels—and show me just the open ends of the four packs. Then I bet I could spot the pack of Raleighs—and did!



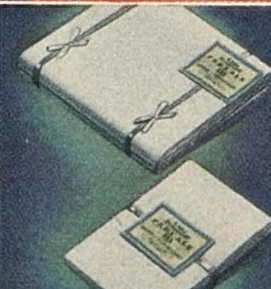
- 3.** "Want to know how I won my lipstick? It's a bet you can hardly lose! You see, the tobacco in Raleighs is more golden. Match 'em alongside other popular brands and see how Raleighs stand out.

Raleighs are more golden

- 4.** "Golden color is proof of quality. At the great tobacco sales, golden leaves bring the top prices. It's the expert way to get a milder, tastier smoke that's easier on your throat. Try Raleighs—and see."

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